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PREFACE

Though it is with considerable diffidence that I offer to a larger public the correspondence which was originally written for a very few—if not for one,—I feel that there are incidents and observations connected with my father's career in India, Afghanistan, and Burmah, which will be of interest to the scientist, and also to the general reader.

Edward Hare originally went out to the East as an Assistant-Surgeon in the East India Company's service. He served through the Afghan War of 1840-42, he was present throughout the whole of the Siege of Delhi in 1857, and he served in the 2nd Burmese War of 1852. It was owing to experiments he carried out that Quinine was recognised as essential to the successful treatment of malarial fevers. What he saw, he observed not merely as a medical man, but as a soldier, and not only as a soldier but as an Englishman desirous of imparting to his father, his mother, and his wife his frank impressions of the life around him, his candid criticism of men and of events his

open comments upon the history and the politics in which he bore a part.

He wrote with vigour and with a freedom from literary (sometimes even from grammatical) restraints that is not without its charm. Private matters, and purely family affairs, are mentioned as freely as concerns of wider import. But in spite of all this, I have suppressed nothing except what was unintelligible and added nothing but what was absolutely essential to a comprehension of the correspondence as a whole.

I have myself enjoyed, as an officer in the Indian Medical Service, the opportunity of seeing in their new dress many of the places which he described before the Mutiny. I have also made it my business to consult as much of the contemporary records and literature as seemed necessary for the confirmation of my father's facts, or the elucidation of his various opinions; but I have striven to avoid any superfluous embroidery of the original with comment that would be valueless if it were not explanatory.

The result, I venture to think, will be of interest not merely to those members of my father's family who have long desired to possess some more permanent record of his life, but also to all who care for those unguarded and perhaps untutored

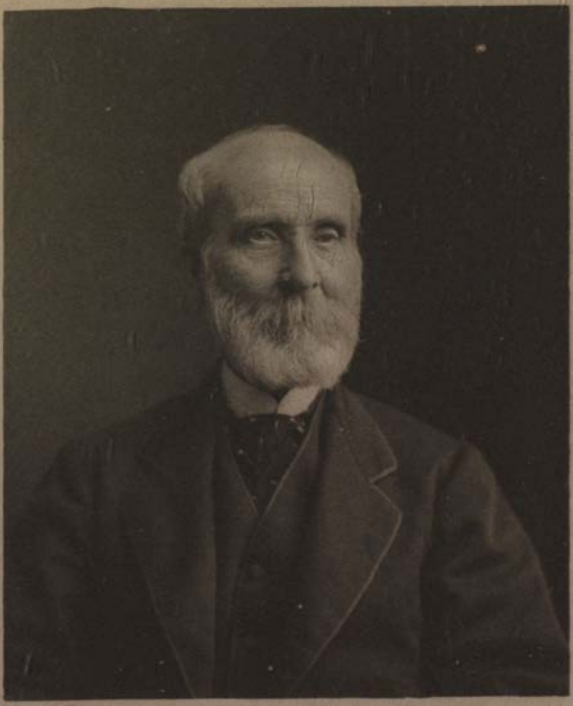
utterances which it is the fashion to call "human documents," and more especially to that large and ever increasing public which is beginning to realise the work done in India and the East by the British Raj. That work will be appreciated all the better when it can be compared with the old state of affairs so frankly described in these letters.

E. C. HARE.

P.S.—The spelling of the names of places and people mentioned in the letters and memoirs has been left untouched, being more in keeping with times of which my father wrote than the modern Hunterian spelling, which I have usually made use of elsewhere.

Where square brackets are found, the interpolation is by the editor.

Memoirs of Edward Hare



E. Hare

Swan Electric Engraving Co.

MEMOIRS OF EDWARD HARE

C.S.I., LATE INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF HOSPITALS, BENGAL

BY E. C. HARE, MAJOR, I.M.S.

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MEMOIRS OF
EDWARD HARE, C.S.I.

CHAPTER I

EDWARD HARE was born on April 26th, 1812, at Stanhoe Hall, in the north-west corner of the county of Norfolk, bordering on the Wash. His father, Frederick Hare, the Squire, married twice, and by his first wife, Agnes Scales, he had seven children, of whom Edward was the eldest son.

On the adjoining estate of Docking lived Frederick Hare's brother, Humphrey John Hare, who was also the rector. His son, Humphrey John Hare, was Edward's constant companion during his younger years. We can imagine the two boys spending their holidays together, learning to ride bare-backed on their donkeys, sitting with their faces to the animals' tails and racing each other across the fields. Edward also at an early age began to acquire a taste for read-

ing, and borrowed books from his uncle's library.

In the year 1820, at the age of eight, Edward was sent to school at Clapham by the advice of his cousin, John Christian, who had been at the same school some years previously. Shortly afterwards he was transferred to a Nonconformist school at Mill Hill, Totteridge, near Hendon, and about 1826 he was put under the tutorship of the Reverend Mr Goodhart, living in Dorsetshire, who, in addition to his parish work, added to his income by teaching a few pupils. Here he stayed till he went to Cambridge in 1831.

Edward, from his early youth, had conceived a wish to follow in his uncle's footsteps, to enter the Church and spend his life in the study of theology. This led him to Cambridge for the purpose of taking his degree, and in 1831 he entered at Caius College, to which it was the custom for all Norfolk men to go. He distinguished himself both in classics and mathematics. He soon found, however, that there was no immediate prospect of getting a living in the Church, so at the end of his second year's residence

STANHOE HALL, NORFOLK.

From an original pencil sketch, dated 1839

he turned his attention to medicine; but in after years, while he actively interested himself in his profession, he never gave up his early wish to study theology, and he employed his leisure hours in India with Greek and Hebrew, preparing for more systematic reading when he could retire.

Having decided to enter the medical profession, he left Cambridge and went to Winchester Hospital. Through the influence of Mr Mayo, one of the surgeons on the staff, who was the brother of his uncle Humphrey Hare's second wife, he obtained an appointment as "Hospital Apprentice," which was considered more advantageous than being placed under the tutorship of any particular surgeon.

He stayed at Winchester three years, and went to London in 1835 to study surgery under Sir Charles Bell, and medicine under Sir Thomas Watson at the Middlesex Hospital. Hare joined the classes on Surgery, Medicine, and Chemistry at King's College. Sir Thomas Watson was the lecturer on Medicine, and Mr Green, a philosopher and metaphysician, lectured on Surgery. Two years later he qualified at the Royal College of Surgeons

and obtained the Licence of the Apothecaries' Society. The examinations were entirely *vivâ voce*. His examiners in Surgery were Sir Astley Cooper and Mr Guthrie.

After qualifying in 1838 Hare went to travel on the Continent with a Mr Hurnon, while he was waiting for a commission in the East India Company's service, which his cousin, Sir James Lushington, one of the directors, had promised to get for him. The tour occupied some months. They wandered up the Rhine, across Switzerland, and followed the course of the Danube to Vienna and Constantinople. Thence they visited Troy and coasted in a boat to Greece, visiting among other places the Pass of Thermopylæ, Athens, and Corinth, and ended by a trip to Syria and Palestine.

Vienna was at that time, as now, considered one of the most delightful capitals in Europe. The accommodation, food, amusements, and public resorts were all conducted in the most luxurious style.

The journey from Vienna to Constantinople was made stage by stage on horseback. Hospitality was usually to be obtained at one of the numerous monasteries along the

route, failing which they slept in a small tent they carried with them. The monasteries were, as a rule, very comfortable; travellers habitually resorted to them, and all necessaries were supplied gratuitously by the monks, the guests giving a present for the benefit of the monastery on their departure.

They lived for some weeks in Constantinople at an hotel kept by a Greek, a dirty place, but still preferable to a tent, and daily revelled in the luxury of the old Greek baths which the Romans had restored and refitted when they conquered the country.

On the journey from Constantinople to Syria, the Turkish authorities put them in quarantine on a small island off the coast on account of the plague. They were quartered in miserable huts by the shore, and at nights were attacked by such numbers of bugs that they had to seek refuge from the pests by unhinging the doors of the huts and hanging them by ropes from the beams. Even this they found to be of little avail, for the little creatures were so persistent in their attentions that they crawled in long lines down by the ropes from the roof. As a last resource the travellers had to carry the doors down

to the beach and immerse them in sea water.

In Syria they were again troubled with plague, and on one occasion, having slept on the floor of a *caravanserai,* they woke to find a man lying dead of the disease quite close by.

In Palestine, Hare received a letter telling him of his appointment to the East India Company's service, and ordering him to return home without delay.

STANHOE CHURCH, NORFOLK.

From an original pencil sketch, dated 1839.

CHAPTER II

In the spring of 1839 Hare left England (February 24th) commissioned by the East India Company as an Assistant-Surgeon on their Bengal establishment. Ewan Christian and William Carus-Wilson, his cousins, saw him on board the *Marquis Camden*, bound for Calcutta and Hong Kong, *via* the Cape of Good Hope. The *Marquis* had been a first-rate ship in her day, had even fought with and driven off pirates, but was now a rotten unseaworthy old tub, so leaky that the pumps had to be kept going night and day to keep the water out of the hold. In the Channel the crew mutinied and insisted on being put ashore at Plymouth, and another scratch crew had to be collected. Fortunately the weather was fair and the sea calm, and they reached Calcutta without accident.

After a six months' uneventful journey round the Cape, touching at Madras, and possibly also at St Helena, Hare landed at Calcutta in July 1839, and was temporarily

attached to the General Hospital.* In the following September he was sent up country in charge of some European troops. They travelled up the Ganges in barges as far as Cawnpore, and thence marched to Ferozepore, *via* Meerut and Karnal, arriving at their destination in January 1840. Here Hare found orders awaiting him to join "The Army of the Indus" in Afghanistan.

This army had assembled at Ferozepore by Lord Auckland's order in November 1838, nominally to help Shah Shuja-ul-Mulk to regain the throne of Kabul from the hands of Dost Mohammed. The troops had marched through Scinde and Beloochistan, across the Bolan Pass to Quetta and Kandahar, and while crossing the desert to the north of Shikarpur, in the month of March, they had suffered terrible losses from the heat, cholera, and from the want of water. As it was considered impossible for anyone to undertake this journey by himself with any probability of success, Hare had to choose the alternative route across the Punjab and through the Khaiber Pass. This route was

* Hare drew his first pay on 19th July 1839, and was formally admitted into the service on that date.

not without considerable dangers, as the country was almost unknown to Europeans, and was inhabited by lawless tribes owing allegiance to no one. Ranjit Singh, the ruler of the Punjab, had died the previous year, and the whole country between the Sutlej and Peshawur had fallen into a state of anarchy and was in the hands of the Sikh soldiery. Any traveller who was fortunate enough to escape unmolested through these bands of robbers would only too probably be murdered in the passes of Afghanistan. The following letter, written by Hare to his father shortly after his arrival at Kabul, gives some account of the journey :—

CABOOL, *June* 18*th*, 1840.

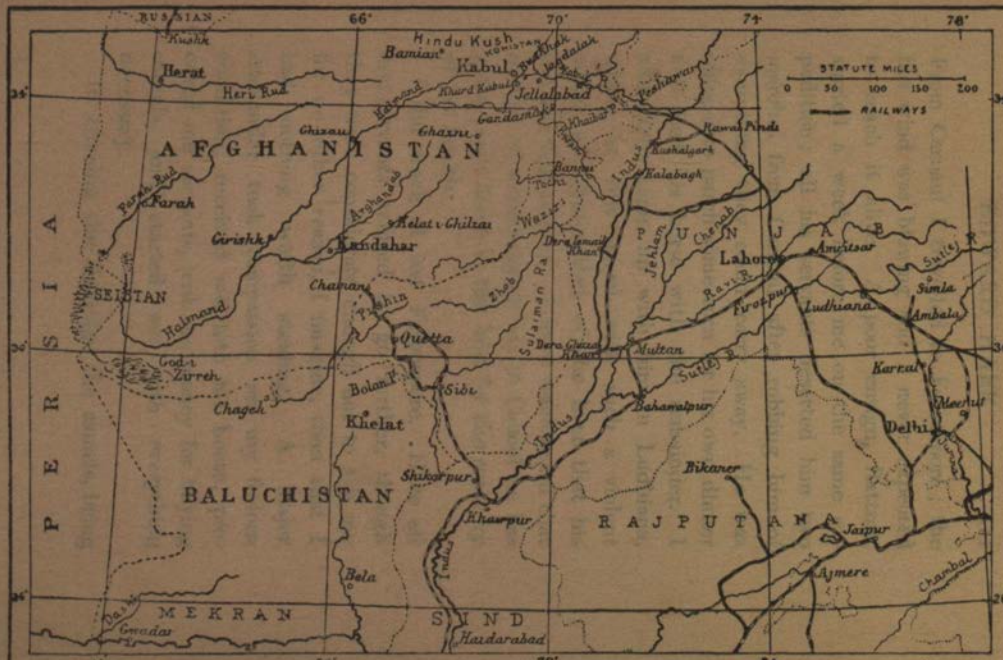
MY DEAR FATHER,—I am at last arrived through many difficulties and dangers at Cabool. I have been very anxious to write to you, but have not till now had an opportunity. The last letter I received from England was dated December, but I hope to have a rich supply sent from Calcutta now that Bruce knows where to direct them.

We are all in tents about a mile from the town, the ungrateful Shah having turned us

all out. Barracks are building on the other side, and will be ready in the cold weather. You have read in the papers so many descriptions of Cabool that mine will be unnecessary. I do not like it; a Siberian winter and Indian summer are not, I think, very desirable. The spring and autumn are, I hear, delightful, but they are equally so in most climates. Our camp is dreadfully dull, so much so that I am afraid my letter will participate in it; but though in low spirits and languid from the heat, I cannot omit sending you a few lines to inform you of my escape through the dreaded Kyber and robbers of the Punjaub. For my part I had a very pleasant ride through the Kyber Pass, quite enjoying the fine rocky scenery. A few days after seven poor fellows were murdered by them, and I saw two bodies lying on the road with their heads off.*

I will now give you a description of my route.

* Hare was the first European who succeeded in reaching Kabul in safety by this route. Assistant-Surgeon Campbell Brown (afterwards Sir John Campbell Brown), a comrade of Hare's throughout his Indian service, followed shortly afterwards in charge of a convoy of commissariat stores, and met with considerable difficulty in forcing his way through the passes.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From Carnaul I travelled to Ferozepore; the hot wind was blowing and I never expected to reach it alive. A poor ensign, Rattray, started a week before me on the same expedition; all his servants deserted him two marches from Carnaul after robbing him of everything they could carry away. He was obliged to parch some corn for his own dinner and feed his horse with the remainder. I afterwards came up with him in Ludhiana, where he was seized with such a violent attack of inflammation of the liver that his life was despaired of. I have since heard that instead of accompanying me to Cabool he has got a year's leave to the hills for the recovery of his health.

I did reach at last Ferozepore. Here all my servants refused to go further, though they were considerate enough not to rob me for no other reason, I imagine, than that I had nothing worth stealing. A Major Alexander took compassion on my forlorn condition, received me into his house, procured me servants, lent me money for buying camels, and started me with everything necessary.

In crossing the Setledge the camels, being

young and inexperienced, would not step into the ferry boat. I was in a terrible state, exposed to the mid-day sun and unable to make the black rascals understand a word. Two of the camels actually broke loose and ran away, and I was just on the point of returning and hiding myself and my misfortunes in Ferozepore when fortune changed and the camels were ferried over. At Lahore one camel fell sick; I was therefore obliged to throw away my tent, which I had just purchased for £15—and oh! how roasted and broiled I was in a little thin servant's tent, which was my only protection.*

General Ventura, the Commander-in-Chief of the Rajah's troops, was very kind and hospitable to me in Lahore, and furnished me with a guard which escorted me safely to

* Hare travelled by night in a bullock cart with a cloth spread over the outside to protect him from too curious eyes, and during the heat of the day he pitched his tent under a tree near the outskirts of some village. His servant used to tell the villagers that he was a doctor; they would bring him presents of milk, fowls, and vegetables, and in exchange they received a few medicines for themselves and their families.

On one occasion, when they met a party of Sikh soldiers, his servant passed him off as his wife lying in the cart.

Peshawur. His house is the only thing worth seeing in Lahore. He has a French governess, a most accomplished lady, whom he brought out with him very lately to instruct his daughter, and, poor thing, she heartily wishes herself back again. Ventura is an Italian, and has married an Armenian, who lives in her zenana unseen.*

From Lahore to Peshawur I really had some enjoyment; I had no longer to dread being deserted by my servants, and the climate became cooler and cooler as I advanced, and what more than all delighted me was a view of the Himalaya Mountains, which were in sight nearly all the way to Peshawur. Oh! what a treat to see their snow-tipped heads after the interminable plains of India! The country also is very rich and in some parts wooded. I crossed the five rivers of the Punjaub, and pitched my tent on the banks of the Jhylum with the greatest satisfaction. I was now on classic ground. It was here that Alexander defeated Porus, and it is

* General Mouton was another officer in the service of Ranjit Singh who entertained Hare at Lahore. Both he and General Ventura were pensioned by the British Government when the Punjab was conquered.

the Jhylum which waters the Vale of Cashmere, whose distant mountains I could see distinctly. A short distance from Jhylum is a large tomb where they say Beucephalus was buried. Certain it is that somewhere hereabouts he died. The beautiful shawls which are manufactured in Cashmere are made from a very fine kind of wool which grows under the long hair of the goats in winter, and which in summer months is shed and looks exactly like cobwebs hanging to their long black hair.

Jelalabad I found very hot and was nearly devoured with flies, as bad as in Egypt. I am now fairly settled in Cabul, and have begun my first campaign. Everything which you now read of the affairs of Affghanistan will, I hope, gain fresh interest by my participating in them.

It is now more than a year since I left England, and consequently a year's interest is due on my debt;* but I am sure you will feel for me and not be angry if I defer paying it till next year, when I will pay two years in one. My income is so small, and I have

* A debt of £350 which his father lent him at interest. It was repaid in 1844, after an interval of five years.

been knocked about so much, that I have been obliged to borrow money to get along.

When I look back at the past I wonder how I have escaped so fortunately, and, though I say it myself, only the most extreme prudence has carried me through. I am the first "Griffin," and, more, the first officer, that has travelled to Cabul alone, and people wonder at my audacity; the report was spread that I had been plundered of everything I possessed.

The golden days of India fled when Lord Bentinck* landed. Before the end of next year I shall be very unfortunate if I do not obtain a regiment, when my pay will be nearly doubled.

. . . As I expect to remain here for some time, I shall at my leisure describe the country to you, for I intend to write to you very regu-

* In 1827, owing to the heavy expenses of the Burmese war (1824-26), the East India Company was heavily in debt. In 1833 Lord W. Bentinck was specially selected by the Directors to carry out certain reforms and restore the finances to a satisfactory basis. One of the Company's first orders was to reduce the "batta" or additional pay granted to military officers. From long custom the officers had come to regard this addition to their pay as an inherent right, and they deeply resented the reduction. This bitter feeling was still prevalent in 1840 when Hare wrote.

larly now that I am master of my time. What are your views on the policy of the Afghan expedition? To my uninitiated ideas it seems to me a most brilliant stroke. There is no doubt that the Persians, or in other words the Russians, who are their masters, would have seized it if we had not. Their ambassadors had actually been detected in the Punjaub, trying to excite insurrection. They must come through Affghanistan if they would attack us in India, and oh! what a magnificent field to attack them on. Look what hardships our army suffered without an enemy to face them, nay, with a large party in their favour. I know that it is getting the fashion to think lightly now of the difficulties they encountered; but Sir Willoughby Cotton * told me the other day at dinner that he had been all through the Peninsular campaigns and that the suffering of the army was nothing compared to this. The whole length of the road from Lahore to Cabul I could have traced without a guide by the whitening bones of the Company's dead camels. I have counted twenty skeletons in one short

* Major-General Sir Willoughby Cotton was in command of the Bengal detachment of the army in Afghanistan.

march, and was nearly starved myself in passing from Jelalabad to Cabul. The whole country is an Arabia Petræa, hill after hill of loose pebbles, and not a human being to be seen. Our army, with an enormous commissariat, narrowly escaped starvation, and would have been starved but for the green corn which they found growing at Candahar. Thousands of camp followers died of hunger, and some of the officers tell me that it was a singular sight to see the poor famished Hindu forgetting his caste and greedily seizing food left by the lowest native.

We shall be well supplied, of course, from India when the Russians come, and how are they to fight our disciplined troops, fighting every mountain pass and harassing them on all sides, and cutting off every attempt at procuring supplies? We shall have nothing to do but to wait and delay them in the passes as much as possible, and unless they can turn stones into bread they must perish. But supposing they do escape through all this and the Kyber Pass, itself a Thermopylæ, we shall be quite at our ease to fight them again with their harassed troops in the plains of India. Our men seasoned to the climate and

starting from comfortable cantonments—their soldiers with their train-oil, tallow-fed constitutions! I have given you these crude opinions in order to draw from you some information, for I very much wish to know your opinion on this point.—Your affectionate Son, E. HARE.

Hare joined the army at Kabul in June 1840. He was first attached to H.M.'s 13th Light Infantry and to Augustus Abbot's Battery. Afterwards he was appointed to the medical charge of the 35th Native Infantry, which he continued to hold until the return of the army to Ferozepore. He was also attached to General Sale's staff during the Kohistan campaign.

Here follows some account of the Kohistan campaign:—In the autumn of 1840, Dost Mohammed, the late Amir, who had fled from Kabul when the British took Ghazni, made a final effort to regain his throne. He assembled his forces at Khulum in Bokhara to attack Bamian, but was repulsed. He then tried to force his way farther east into the Kohistan Valley, through the Hindu Kush Mountains. General Sale, with Sir Alexander

Burnes as political officer, was sent into the Kohistan Valley to opposé Dost Mohammed, and to punish the tribes who were favourably disposed towards him.

The following extract from Durand's "First Afghan War" (pp. 292-3) will help to explain Hare's account of the action of Purwan Durrah. Sale, having learnt that Dost Mohammed had crossed over the Hindu Kush and had come down into the Kohistan of Kabul, "made a march upon Purwan Durrah, to which place he had ascertained that the Amir had gone, to prevent, if possible, his returning beyond the Hindu Kush. . . . The ground to be traversed was difficult from ravines, irrigation water courses, and the passage of the Ghorbund River, but as the troops drew near to Purwan the enemy was seen in motion, evacuating the forts and villages and gaining the hills." Colonel Salter, in command of Sale's advanced guard, sent forward Anderson's Horse to cut off the enemy from the Ghorbund direction, while two squadrons of the 2nd Cavalry were ordered to skirt the hills to the right. "The two squadrons having neared the base of the hills, found themselves heading a small body of Afghan horse, who,

not equal to the cavalry in strength, and finding their retreat compromised, turned and descended leisurely towards the two squadrons. Frazer, who commanded the latter, formed up his men, whilst the Afghans closing slowly, occasionally fired, a few cavaliers dismounting to do so. At this junction orders arrived recalling the cavalry; but Frazer, finding the enemy few and near him, felt that he could neither with honour nor safety obey, and, in lieu of retiring, he gave the word to charge. Vain was the example and leading of the officers; the troops wavered, fell back, and ultimately fled in dismay, leaving their officers engaged hand-to-hand amidst the enemy. Dr Lord, Broadfoot of the Engineers, and Crispin of the Cavalry fell; Ponsonby, severely wounded and with his reins cut, was carried off the field by his charger. Frazer, covered with blood, severely wounded, and with his sword-arm disabled, broke through his assailants, and, riding up to Sale, calmly reported the defeat of his squadrons. Sale, with his infantry (who were a mile or more in the rear when the action began) and guns, drove the enemy from the hills and recovered the bodies of the slain officers; but Dost Mohammed, who had com-

manded in person at the attack on the two squadrons, escaped from the field without pursuit or difficulty. The result of the day was a deep disappointment to all engaged. The conduct of the two squadrons was wholly inexplicable. They were attacked by inferior numbers, very ill mounted, and had the troopers but charged they would have ridden over their antagonists, who advanced at a walk and in disorder; and Dost Mohammed must either have fallen or been taken."

Here is Hare's account of the affair:

CABUL, *March 4th*, 1841.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I was most delighted at the sight of your letter dated October 20th. I think I described to you something of our Koestan campaign and the night attack on our camp,* in which the nature of the ground alone saved perhaps half of us from an untimely grave.

Nearly the whole of Afghanistan is a col-

* Probably the fight which took place on the 18th of October 1840. Durand ("First Afghan War," p. 291), calls it "a desultory night attack, . . . which, beyond keeping the troops under arms, had little effect." Hare describes the fight below.

lection of barren rocky hills with scarce a vestige of vegetation. These embosom numerous valleys, some of them little fairy-lands, like oases in the desert—some of them being very small and circumscribed and at considerable elevations on the sides of the mountains. Many, however, meander among the openings in the hilly ground without termination as to length, but are never very broad; for instance, it is one valley winding among barren hills extending from Caubul to Guzni and thence to Candahar. The small valleys are the sweetest, each with its little brook tumbling down from the mountain side, and the hotter the weather the more copiously fed from the snows on its summit, and everywhere as it falls through the valley giving existence to the mulberry, the plane, the apple, the walnut, the apricot and peach, not to mention grapes, which are so common here and as large as a pigeon's egg. The trees are merry with the thrush, the goldfinch, and the turtle-dove, and there you may sit the live-long day under the shade of the trees, for the air is always cool, and fancy yourself in Paradise, and turn round and see an Afghan with his knife at

your throat. This is not in anything exaggeration ot some of the beautiful valleys I have seen. One garden, especially, artificially made by Achmed Shah, has enabled me to realise much more clearly the enchanted gardens of the Arabian Nights. Such avenues of magnificent plane-trees! The rose, narcissus, and hyacinth below, the cooing of the turtle-dove above, whilst the clear water rushing from the bath in the centre gave life and animation to the whole. Moore's "Lalla Rookh" is but a description taken from books of this country, and yet the general features of the country are barren rocks and stones for two-thirds of it, and piled in such endless heaps that the natives themselves say that when Nature made the world she left the rubbish of her building in Afghanistan, and yet they assert that the Garden of Eden was here too.

Well!—The ground of our camp was on a plain intersected with numerous ravines, fortunately so deep that the enemy were obliged to elevate their rifles, and consequently by lying flat on the ground for three or four hours we all escaped. A pony was shot close by me, and a trooper who foolishly

mounted his horse was shot through the head. The sound of balls whizzing close over you is not at all pleasant.

After this we marched to attack Dost Mohammed, and found him and his army, about 3000 men, advantageously posted on the side of a hill. We could see the Dost in the centre of a party of horsemen; a regiment of Bengal cavalry was sent to surround them, which was quite possible, as he had been taken by surprise and could not escape. We were looking on with the greatest delight and expecting the hitherto vaunted, fine-looking troopers to bring in our arch-enemy a captive. We saw the Dost take off his turban, as he besought his party for the sake of God and his Prophet to attack once more the infidels. Down they came with the most determined courage, though much inferior in numbers to ourselves (70 to 80 men). Immediately we saw a cloud of dust and the gleam of sabres, we were rubbing our hands in expectation of a complete victory, for no one doubted the well-mounted, fine-looking fellows we had sent to meet them; when what was our disgust to see them deserting their officers like a flock of sheep!

They could not be brought to charge, though if they had but galloped their horses they must have ridden their enemy down. Four officers were killed and two desperately wounded. One of the wounded, Captain Ponsonby, a relation of our Minister at Constantinople, was carried out of the fray almost senseless by the instinct of his horse; in fact, he saved his master's life by kicking most furiously and tumbling over, horse and all, an Afghan who was aiming the death blow from behind. I had Ponsonby afterwards in my tent, and took care of him till we reached Cabul. The Dost has since told us that his intention was to cut his way out. He did not see our cowards run away, and when he found himself clear, he galloped away and delivered himself up a prisoner at Cabul. If he had known the full extent of his success, no doubt he would have remained to kill some more of the infidels. His army dispersed during the night when they found themselves without a leader, and we marched back to Cabul. Such was the boasted victory you will have seen described in the papers.

Here, as at Guzni, fortune, not generalship,

has befriended us. The more I reflect on the events of the expedition to Affghanistan, the more I see a most especial providence guiding and helping the most Protestant and Christian nation into regions into which Christianity had not penetrated. China seems to be following the same fate. A small fort or island may perhaps be gained at first, and then, as in India, the whole country. Conversing, as I do daily, with the army which first penetrated thus far, I cannot but wonder at the almost miracle which took Guzni and saved the army from starvation and destruction. A few hours employed in building a wall would have effectually secured the gate, and we had no means of taking it (the fortress) by siege.* The whole country (viz. Scinde)

* "The strongly-garrisoned fort of Ghazni, which was considered by the Afghans to be impregnable, was stormed and taken in twenty-four hours. The 'army of the Indus,' on their march into Afghanistan, arrived before the town on July 21st, 1839; they blew open one of the gates, and carried the fortress by a *coup-de-main*. The moral effect of this victory was decisive." (Durand's "First Afghan War," p. 169.) Any attempt at besieging the fortress would have been impossible, for when the army reached Ghazni they had only two or three days' provisions in hand, and there were no guns with them suitable for breaching the walls. To capture

between this and Bombay has since fallen into our hands, and, with the exception of Nepaul and the Punjaub, surrounded and helpless as they are, we have the whole of the Peninsula enclosed by the Himalaya Mountains. Russia, if she comes at all, must come by Herat.

Our Embassador there has just been kicked out, and probably next autumn we shall be marching with an army to take it. I dread the march, as we must carry even our water on camels, and the valley of Herat has been so devastated by the Persians that we shall find no provisions there; all supplies must be brought from Hindustan. Like fools, we have been fortifying it most strongly and spent about 10 lacs in injuring ourselves. The Punjaub is in a very unsettled state and this country very unquiet. Plenty of fighting there will be when the winter is

the town by assault was the only other alternative, and fortunately the weak point in the defences was discovered, against which an attack could be made with a fair chance of success. The enemy had omitted to build up the Kabul gate of the city with masonry, and had left the bridge leading to it over the ditch unbroken, as a means of communication with the road.

over. It will be very long before these chiefs can be quieted. On our approach they retire from their forts and take to the hills, killing some of us as they go, without the possibility of retaliation. We durst not, even at Cabul, go any distance from camp except in a party and armed. Many of our men have been murdered almost within sight of it.

I will now describe myself after having thus discussed the politics of the country. I am, first, in most excellent health and spirits, quite fat, living in the barracks of the 13th Queen's Regiment, an honorary member of their mess, eating meat at dinner and playing whist afterwards, but drinking no grog, and fully determined to renew my vegetable diet in India. I have made friends with Sir A. Burnes, and by the aid of his library have spent the winter most profitably and agreeably; I have studied Persian, Hindostanee, Metaphysics! Political Economy and History; filling up vacant hours with novels and periodicals, which, strange to say, find their way here in abundance. I can speak both Persian and Hindostanee very decently, and find great delight in reading Persian poetry-books, of which I can buy plentifully in the town. I

am one of the crew of a boat which the 13th officers have built, and we pull or sail about in her on a salt lake, covering some three square miles, where we get excellent duck shooting.*

My motto is "*In action is happiness,*" and what with whist, study, and sporting, the time runs merrily by; that is *now*. At first I was miserable enough. We were encamped all last summer on the side of a hill, and oh! what heat and what driving dust! I was quite a stranger, and on such small pay that I was without money to build a little hut, as the rest did, to protect me from the weather.—No books, no society. In a little small tent used for servants in Hindostan, through which the dust covered my clothes and bed. This continued for some time; at last I bought a decent tent and was appointed to two companies of Sepoys stationed in a garden under some apple trees. Two officers were with them, one of whom was the identical little Sneyd whom I had played tricks with at Blakeney. Here I was happy enough, until I was ordered to Guzni, and from thence to

* Hare rowed in 1831 and 1832 for Caius College Cambridge.

Koestan, both of which expeditions I enjoyed thoroughly, as the weather was cool and, more than all, there was daily excitement.

On my return I again experienced something of the miserables. The weather was very cold, the rain falling in torrents, the barracks destined for our winter quarters unfinished. I had a severe attack of dysentery from sleeping in the cold wet tent. This continued for a month, and I found myself so much reduced by sickness that as soon as the roof was finished I decided to occupy my quarter, damp as it was, being built of wet mud, which had never any sun to dry it, and without doors or windows. The walls were so wet that I could have put my stick through them in any part. Well! I got three panes of Russian glass from the town, blocked up the rest of the window with mats, hung a blanket before the door and lighted a large wood fire on the hearth, made of wet mud; for they use nothing else here in building, except some poles of wood in the roof. My room, heated by a large fire, felt exactly like a hot well-watered greenhouse; the water ran down in streams as it condensed on my three panes of glass. The mud is

mixed up with chopped wheat straw, and the heat made some of the grains of wheat left in it vegetate most luxuriantly on my walls; even now, after four months constant fires, I am obliged to pluck out occasional sprouts, and mould is still very plentiful. Notwithstanding this vapour bath, by drying my bed carefully every day in the sun, I rapidly recovered. I was damp enough here certainly, but then I was both wet and cold in my tent. My room is now nearly dry. I have both a door and a window, a merry wood-fire burning on the hearth, Cabul blankets covering the floor, curtains to the window, and a warm quilt to my bed, made of Russian chintz, and, above all, an easy chair and a table, lent me by an officer at Jellalabad, who could not carry it with him.

I have been for a short time appointed to the charge of a native regiment,* which gives

* Hare took charge of the 35th Native Infantry till his return to India. One of its officers, afterwards Major-General Sir Thomas Seaton, who has written his autobiography in a book entitled "From Cadet to Colonel" (Routledge, 1877), was Hare's constant companion throughout this campaign and during the siege of Delhi. He often speaks of events in which Hare was concerned, though he does not mention his name.

me for the first time better allowances, and if I am fortunate enough to retain it I shall be able to save a little money. Besides these arrangements I have built a stable for my horse and have stocked it with hay and straw. . . .

Oh! that I could once again live in quiet England. War is a disgusting trade. The wounds of the cavalry were frightful, heads and both hands chopped off at one stroke.

News has just arrrived from Jellalabad that they have had a fight there and lost an Engineer officer and the Adjutant-General. Herat is hostile, and all the tribes of Candahar are in arms.—Your affectionate Son,

E. HARE.

Hare's next letters to his father were written during the siege of Jellalabad. The course of events between March and December 1841 are briefly as follows:—

The British force had been in Afghanistan for nearly three years, and its maintenance was becoming too heavy a burden on the Indian Treasury. Lord Auckland, then Governor-General, acting under instructions from England, ordered Sir William Mac-

naghton, the British Envoy at Kabul, to curtail his expenditure, and one of the items specially alluded to was a certain subsidy paid to the Ghilzai chiefs to allow our caravans to go through their territory unmolested. These tribes, fanatical and independent, had never been favourably disposed towards us, nor towards Shah Shuja, whom we were supporting on the throne of Kabul. So when Sir W. Macnaghton informed the chiefs of the withdrawal of the subsidy, they took the opportunity to break out into open hostility in favour of Mohammed Akbar Khan, son of the deposed Dost Mohammed, and, if possible, to drive us out of the country. One of their first acts was to occupy the Khurd-Kabul pass and to intercept the line of communication with India.

At this time General Sale's brigade, which had just been relieved at Kabul, was preparing to return to India before the cold season set in. To check the above-mentioned hostile proceedings of the Ghilzais, the advance guard of the brigade, under the command of Colonel Monteath of the 35th N. I. (to which Hare was attached), was sent out to Butkhak, a few miles distant from Kabul, near

the mouth of the Pass (October 9th, 1841). The Ghilzais attacked the camp on the night of their arrival, but did not do them much harm.

Seaton's account* of this night attack on the camp at Butkhak is especially interesting, as he mentions an incident in which Hare unwillingly took a prominent part. He says: "Our camp was pitched on a level piece of ground, surrounded by ravines, with a long rocky hill immediately in our front not two hundred yards distant. This hill was four hundred feet high, and at the top of it was the road to the pass. Our mess dinner was just over when the native officer commanding the quarter-guard sent in a Sepoy to tell the Colonel that a great number of people were to be seen assembled on the hill above us, and that he had heard them loading their *juzzails*. . . . We were on parade in a moment, and found the regiment already under arms and every man getting into his place as silently and rapidly as possible. Not a word was spoken, and in a few seconds all was ready. The Colonel (Monteath) now made his appearance. . . . His first order was

* "From Cadet to Colonel," pp. 137 *et seq.*

given to the quartermaster to send parties round the camp to put out every light instantly." Seaton was sent to take up a position at the foot of the hill, with orders to keep his men "as silent as death," and not to fire unless the enemy came down the hill. He had hardly reached his post when the enemy began firing furiously on the camp from the heights. "The fire was well sustained for upwards of an hour, but was not very effective. A man was indeed occasionally hit; but as every light in the camp was out, the Afghans, looking down in utter darkness, in the midst of which not a sound was to be heard, could neither see an object at which to aim, nor hear a sound by which to direct their fire."

But this immunity did not last long, as the Artillery Officer, wanting to put a shell into a mass of the enemy, whom we could see standing out against the sky, lighted a port-fire, which gave the enemy all they wanted —viz. our direction and distance. "Seven of our men were knocked over. The port-fire was instantly put out by the Colonel's order, and the injured men removed to hospital. As soon as they arrived the doctor [Hare] lighted a candle to examine their wounds; but the

light shining through the tent again betrayed us to the enemy, who immediately fired at it. Some of those men just taken in were wounded again and a few of the sick were hit. The Colonel again sent peremptory orders by an officer that on no account was any light to be permitted." When silence and darkness were restored, the enemy again fired at random, and at last thinking we had run away and deserted our camp, moved down the hill to plunder and slay the wounded, but they were received by a volley from Seaton's party, which astonished them and sent them flying up the hill again. After a few minutes' silence they once more opened fire, but in the darkness and silence comparatively little harm was done, and when the day dawned the enemy had disappeared, carrying off their dead and wounded with them.

On the following day Sale arrived with reinforcements and proceeded to force a way through the Khurd-Kabul Pass, and to hold it open while the remainder of the troops and their baggage passed through. Every step of the way was disputed by the enemy, who manned the surrounding hills, whence they could fire down on the troops with impunity.

At Khurd-Kabul the force encamped for seven days under the command of Colonel Monteath, while Sale returned to Kabul to bring up the remainder of the brigade, before continuing his march towards India.

Of Sale's forcing the Khurd-Kabul Pass, of the night attack on Monteath's force at Khurd-Kabul, and of the part played by the 35th N. I., of the relief by Sale, of the treaty with the Ghilzyes, and of the march to Gandamak and Jellalabad, let the reader refer to Seaton's narrative, pp. 136-161; Durand's "First Afghan War," pp. *330 et seq.*, and Major Broadfoot's Career, pp. 32, etc.

On Sale's return the combined forces marched forwards towards India. Each day their rear-guard was harassed by the enemy from morning till night, and on one occasion the force had to make a long detour through the hills to avoid an ambush which had been prepared for their destruction in the Pass. While halting at Gandamak they received a report that an insurrection had broken out at Kabul, and that a number of Europeans who were living in the city had been murdered. This news caused them great uneasiness, and when they reached Jellalabad (November 12th)

Sale resolved, instead of proceeding to India, to occupy the town and await further events, as it was evident that the whole country was in arms against them.

To return to Kabul, on November 2nd the insurrection broke out. Sir Alexander Burnes (the Political Officer) and some other Europeans who were living in the native town were murdered, and the Government Treasury was sacked. No one was prepared for the event, and the military party, who had for some time past been without a competent leader, had become so demoralised that they were unable to give any effectual help. A few days afterwards Sir William Macnaghton (the Envoy) was murdered during an interview with Mohammed Akbar Khan. A panic broke out among the troops, everyone insisted on evacuating the country and returning to India as quickly as possible, and a treaty was finally made with Mohammed Akbar, by which the British forces were to retire at once, he, on his part, promising to ensure their safe conduct through the passes.

In accordance with this agreement the army marched out from Kabul on January 6th, 1842. The snow lay a foot deep on the ground and

the water was frozen hard. The force consisted of 4500 fighting men and 12,000 camp followers with the baggage. No previous arrangements of any sort had been made for the march, nor were the officers able to control the movements of the troops—Sepoys, camp-followers, and baggage started out from Kabul all mixed up together in endless confusion. Discipline was at an end.

As soon as this rabble entered the Khurd-Kabul Pass, the enemy were awaiting them, lining the hills on either side. The troops were paralysed with cold, and their movements were so hampered by the disorganised crowd of camp followers and baggage cattle that they were able to make but little effort in self-defence. The Afghans fired on them from the hills with impunity and shot them down in hundreds

Each day from dawn to dusk the slaughter continued; the enemy never ceased to molest them, harassing the rear-guard in every possible way and massacring all who fell out or were left behind sick or wounded. The survivors, frost-bitten and starving from want of food and water, struggled bravely on; but so great was the slaughter that by the

time they reached Jagdallak only about 4000 of them remained alive.

Seaton describes this Khurd-Kabul Pass as "one of the most formidable looking defiles I ever saw." . . . "A little river runs between two ranges of hills. The Eastern range, at a point where it approaches close to the stream, towers directly over it to a height of a thousand feet. The Western range is half that height, and the spurs of both so interlace each other that the stream is turned alternately to right and left twenty times in the course of three thousand yards. Not more than 140 or 150 yards of stream can at any one point be seen at one time, and every inch of it is completely commanded by these natural breastworks and by the peaks above them. In winter this little river becomes a foaming torrent, which brings down vast quantities of shingle and large boulders that block the bed of the stream and fill the bends. The only road through the pass is by the bed of the stream, and so formidable is it that a determined enemy might successfully dispute the passage of a force greatly superior in numbers. No body of men, however well armed and commanded,

could hope to get through it without a sharp and possibly a desperate struggle."

The only man of the whole force who succeeded in reaching Jellalabad was Dr Brydon, the rest being either killed or taken prisoners. My father, who at this time was in Jellalabad with the 35th N. I., saw Brydon brought in and helped to nurse him, gave me the following account of his escape:—

The remnant of the army, a short distance after they had left Jagdallak, entered a very narrow gorge across which the Afghans had thrown a barrier by felling a couple of trees and interlacing the branches with thorny bushes. The camp-followers, who were marching ahead, found the enemy awaiting them, and as soon as they were attacked fell back in confusion on the troops; the Afghans rushing in slaughtered them wholesale. Every man, without regard to his neighbour, tried to scramble across the obstruction as best he could. Among the few who succeeded was Dr Brydon. Tired out and numbed from starvation and cold, with his feet so frost-bitten and sore that he could scarcely bear to tread on the slippery ice and boulders with which the pass was strewn,

he had forced his way to the front round the side of the "*Sangar*" without attracting attention. Slowly struggling forward he at last came up with a Hindustani camp-follower leading a small half-starved country pony, which he seized and mounted. By allowing the animal to crawl along at its own pace he reached the more open country, where he was comparatively free from danger. While passing the village of Fatehabad he was threatened by an attack from a party of men who were looking out for stragglers to plunder. He urged his pony as fast as he could, and tried, by making a detour round the village, to avoid meeting them; but one of the men running after him, overtook him, and seizing hold of the pony's bridle made a hit at Brydon with his weapon. In attempting to protect himself, Brydon raised his right arm and received the blow on his wrist. The pain of the blow caused the arm to drop suddenly to his side, and the Afghan, thinking possibly that he was reaching for his pistol, bolted, and left him to continue his journey in peace. On reaching the outskirts of Jellalabad, Brydon wandered about, not knowing where to go in search of shelter,

as he expected to find that the town had been deserted. While he was in this state he was seen from the walls of the fortress and rescued.

Dr Brydon also reported that he had seen Captain Bygrave of the Pay department, and a Greek merchant, who had come up with the Commissariat, escape together from the gorge near Jagdallak and run away across the hills. Some days later this Greek merchant also came into Jellalabad and confirmed Brydon's story, saying that they had been wandering about the country hiding themselves in bushes and caves, and feeding on roots which they dug up from under the snow. The merchant had managed to escape observation and reached Jellalabad, but Bygrave had been taken prisoner by one of the chiefs, who had sent him to Akbar Khan. The latter, knowing him to belong to the Pay department, and thinking he would be able to pay a good ransom for his release, treated him kindly, but kept him apart from the other prisoners and in close attendance on his person. It was only at the last moment, after all the other prisoners had been rescued, when we had re-entered Kabul, and Akbar

Khan had given up all hope of regaining his throne and was retreating through the passes to Bokhara, that Captain Bygrave was allowed to rejoin his friends.

To return to General Sale's brigade:

"Wearied, jaded, footsore, hungry, short of ammunition, a treasure chest nearly empty, and with only two days' provisions in hand" (Seaton), Sale's brigade had thrown themselves into Jellalabad on November 12th, 1841, "to undertake the desperate task of defending it against the whole power of the country," until they were relieved in the April of the following year. From the day when they entered the town they had been continually besieged by the enemy, and frequent sorties had had to be made to drive them off and allow the garrison opportunities to forage for supplies and repair the breaches in the walls.

When the news of the disaster which had overtaken the Kabul army reached Jellalabad it urged on the garrison to complete their defences as soon as possible, and collect up all the grain and cattle they could find from the surrounding country, well knowing that they would soon have to face the whole

THE FORTRESS OF JELLALABAD.

One of a series of sketches made by Lieut. Rattray during the Kabul Campaign, and published about 1864. The lower picture shows the condition of the fortifications at the time of General Sale's occupation of the town. The upper one shows the first parapets and bastions erected by the garrison, and the dark line indicates the portions destroyed by the earthquake. The large tree in the foreground was the spot near which Hare's hospital was situated.

of Akbar Khan's army, flushed with its recent success.

Scarcely had the garrison completed its defences than they were destroyed by a terrific earthquake (February 19th, 1842). It was one of a series of upwards of 130, which occurred between January 19th and April 7th, and fortunately it was the only shock which caused any serious damage. Seaton, who was outside the walls of the town at the time the earthquake occurred, describes it thus: "The rumbling increased and swelled to the loudest thunder, as if a thousand heavy waggons were driven at speed over a rough pavement. . . . The ground heaved and set like the sea, and the whole plain appeared rolling in waves towards us. . . . Looking towards the town I saw that the houses, the walls and the bastions of the fort were rocking and reeling in a most terrific manner and falling into complete ruin, . . . and the parapets, which had cost us so much labour and had been erected with so much toil, were crumbling away like sand. The whole fort was enveloped in one immense, impenetrable cloud of dust. . . . Not a village, town, or fort had escaped; all presented the

same indications of the dire calamity to which they had been subjected."

The garrison immediately set to work again to repair the walls, and by the same evening the ruins had been cleared away and a temporary parapet erected. Fortunately the enemy left them alone for the four succeeding days, in which time they managed to rebuild the defences and to make them even stronger than they had been before. Seaton says: "The labour was terrible. . . . During these four days not an officer or man took off his clothes. Every one slept at his post on the ramparts ready for defence if attacked, or for work the next morning."

From this time (February 25th, 1842) the garrison was continually besieged by the enemy. Not even the grass-cutters could go outside the walls to forage for the horses without an escort. Skirmishes took place almost daily, and although the enemy were invariably driven off, yet having the whole country to recruit from, the loss of a few men was to them a matter of no great importance, while every life that could be spared to the garrison was of the utmost value, and hence it was that General Sale would not

risk a regular engagement with the enemy, although the garrison was on the point of starvation.

At last, on the 6th of April, when the news arrived that General Pollock's army at Peshawur had failed to force a way through the Khaiber Pass, General Sale determined to make a last effort. Preparations were made, and the garrison went out on the following day, fought, and gained a complete victory over Akbar Khan. The chief himself escaped, but the whole of his camp fell into the hands of the garrison, in which they found grain, ammunition, and provisions in abundance. The day after this battle Pollock forced a way through the Khaiber Pass and reached Jellalabad on the 16th.

Lord Ellenborough, in his notification of April 21st, 1842, says of this fight: "That the illustrious garrison, which by its constancy in enduring privation and by its valour in action has already obtained for itself the sympathy and respect of every true soldier, has now, sallying forth from its walls under command of its gallant leader, Major-General Sir Robert Sale, thoroughly beaten in open field an enemy of more than

three times its numbers, taken the standards of their boasted cavalry, destroyed their camp and recaptured four guns. . . . The Governor-General congratulates the army upon the return of victory to its ranks."

Lord Ellenborough had a special medal struck, on which was inscribed "Jellalabad, April vii. 1842" in commemoration of this victory of Sir Robert Sale's. Each officer and man was presented with the trophy when the army made its triumphant entry into Ferozepore.

The following letters give Hare's account of events. There is doubt as to the accuracy of some of his statements by the light of that which was subsequently known; but I have thought good to give in Hare's own words whatever was reported to be correct at the time the letters were written.

JELLALABAD, *December* 2, 1841.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I write a few lines to account for my long silence. The whole country is in arms against us. All our mails have been stopped, and it is very doubtful if this letter will reach you. In one night every [?] European in the town of Cabul was murdered,

including, to my great grief, Sir Alexander Burnes and his brother. His house and all his property was burnt to ashes. One entire regiment was cut to pieces in Koestan, and the European officers of a Khyber Regiment, with two ladies, escaped over the mountain passes on foot to Peshawur. All the Affghan Regiments newly raised, joined the enemy after plundering and sometimes murdering their officers.

The cantonment at Cabul was closely besieged by thousands for two days. At last, pressed by imminent danger of starvation, our regiments made a sally, and after desperate fighting succeeded in driving off the enemy. My regiment was at this time on its march for Hindostan; we had to fight night and day through the most fearful mountain passes, abandoned all our baggage and at last shut ourselves in Jellalabad, where we were instantly surrounded by multitudes. We are in great want of ammunition and supplies, but have made two successful sallies, in which the enemy have suffered severely, and are now anxiously awaiting assistance from Hindostan, which we hope for in six weeks. We do not as yet know our entire loss, but have heard of fifteen officers killed, and as many

wounded. My regiment has two officers killed, two wounded, and a hundred and fifty sepoys killed and wounded. I will write and tell you more particulars when another opportunity offers. In the meantime, pray write regularly to me, as they will all reach me when the troops arrive from India. Our sally of yesterday opens the road for this letter. Goodbye. —How unexpected this outbreak was! No one whispered such a thing as possible.—Your affectionate Son, E. HARE.

JELLALABAD, *January 5th*, 1843.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I write again a few hurried lines to assure you of my safety. Two sallies from the town have driven the enemy away with great loss, and we have been unmolested ever since, and are daily expecting two brigades from India to our assistance. From Cabul we have fearful news; five thousand of our troops are shut up there and will probably all be destroyed by famine. Many ladies and their children are exposed to all these dangers. Such multitudes of the enemy surround them that no provision can be obtained.

Sir W. Macnaghten has been treacherously

murdered in a conference with the son of Dost Mohammad. Upwards of thirty officers have been killed. A brigade attempted to force their way from Candahar to their relief, but were driven back by the intense cold and snow. We shall have bloody fighting all next summer. Fifteen thousand of our men will be employed in punishing these savages. General Sale is very anxious to force us up to Cabul; his wife and daughter are there, . . . but the passes are quite impracticable, and if we arrived alive there, we should but increase their starvation.

I write this letter hoping you may have received my last dated November. If it has been lost the newspapers will explain all. The time allowed me to write is expired. I hope my letter will reach you. Pray write to me. Love to all.—Your affectionate Son,

E. HARE.

JELLALABAD, *April 19th*, 1842.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I write a few hurried lines to assure you of my existence and health. I have had indeed a most miraculous escape. The particulars you shall have by the first opportunity; suffice it to say now that our

garrison, under Sale at Jellalabad, have held out and beaten back the celebrated Akbar Khan himself, burnt his camp and captured all his guns and stores in a sally from the town on the 5th (7th?). General Pollock's army has forced the celebrated Khyber Pass, and is now encamped under our walls with 10,000 men. Our difficulties are not yet at an end. The troops (Hindoostanees) complain of the hardships, and provisions are very scarce. My regiment and another march to-morrow to bring up another brigade from Peshawur through the Khyber Pass, where we shall have hard fighting. Akhbar Khan is dead of a wound [?] as also Shah Sooja by the hand of assassins [?]. We hope to get back the prisoners and miserable wreck of the Cabul army. The whole garrison of Guzni is destroyed to a man. No less than twelve officers' wives and about twenty children are in the hands of these savages. My kindest love to all.—Your most affectionate Son,

E. HARE.

After a long halt at Jellalabad, mainly for want of carriage, Pollock advanced upon Kabul in August 1842, with the object of punishing

the Afghans for their atrocities and, if possible, rescuing the prisoners from the hands of Akbar Khan. Except at the first no determined resistance was offered, for the enemy were so cowed by the repeated defeats they had suffered since Pollock's army entered the country, that as soon as Akbar Khan fled across the Hindu Kush to Bokhara they ceased opposition. The troops marched into Kabul on 15th September, and were soon afterwards joined by General Nott's force from Kandahar. During the march from Jellalabad, Hare acted as Staff-Surgeon to General Pollock, and was present at the taking of Fort Mamoo Khel, about two miles west of Gandamak. (Broadfoot's Career, p. 132.)

The prisoners in Akbar Khan's hands were also liberated, and returned to Kabul. In connection with their escape Hare tells the following story, which, however, I have not been able to verify. A few days before the army reached Kabul, a report came that Akbar Khan had fled across the Hindu Kush to Bokhara and that he had sent back a confidential agent to bring the prisoners after him. Captain Sir Richmond Shakespear at once asked permission to follow them with a

troop of cavalry; but Pollock, who thought the chance of rescuing them remote, refused to allow him to go, until driven by public opinion. Shakespear by forced marches caught up the emissary as he was preparing to cross the pass with the prisoners. He pointed out to him that Akbar Khan's reign was at an end, that he could never return to Kabul in power, and that it would be more profitable for him to accept a present and allow the prisoners to escape than to drag them across to Bokhara. The matter was amicably arranged, and the prisoners were given their freedom.

Here is a letter from Hare, written on the march back to Kabul, possibly with the advance guard. Pollock did not reach Gandamak till 23rd, while this letter is dated 20th.

CAMP GUNDUMUCK, *August 20th*, 1842.

MY DEAR FATHER,—You must pardon my deficiencies last month, and, I am afraid, for a few months to come. We have commenced our old trade of fighting again, and no one can say when or how it will end. Our army is advancing with all haste to join General

Nott, who has marched from Candahar. We hope to form a junction at Cabul by the middle of September. Nott is well supplied with carriage cattle, but we have so few that we cannot carry with us the commonest necessaries. I am now in the open plain, the sun is very hot, and I have not even a bed to lie on. You must not therefore expect much in this letter, but be content to hear that I am well and in good spirits. Jellalabad has been fearfully hot and sickly this summer; we all dug huts under ground and cooled the burning air by hanging up wet straw and reeds before the door. The first march from Jellalabad, the 13th (Queen's) Regiment buried five. You must not be anxious if you do not receive letters regularly from me for some months, as I shall have no rest to my body or mind till this war is finished, which it must be now very shortly.

Our present plans are to advance on Cabul, join Nott, recover our prisoners and guns, and perhaps burn the city; and then all will retire from this accursed country, and I hope never to see it again. The success of these arrangements depends very much upon Guzni. If Nott has much difficulty in taking it, the

result will be bad — how bad no one can prophesy. We all fear that Akhbar Khan will carry off our prisoners from Cabul; it is too late now in the season to follow them, and our poor countrymen will be either murdered or sold as slaves in Bokhara. Akhbar is now supreme at Cabul, and has poisoned [?] Futteh Jang, the son of Shah Soojah, but we hope that the people of the town will save the prisoners as a ransom for the city.

The next letter I write to you will, I hope, detail fresh honours and victories won by our illustrious brigade.

. . . . . .

The Company's service is, I think, now about the worst. Here am I, enduring every hardship and danger and cannot save a rupee from my pay to recompense me. I am quite tired of soldiering; I might as well have broken stones on the road at home. It is not often that we are called upon for such severe service. I hope yet for some years of quiet enjoyment in India, and the first day my seventeen years are completed I will run off, never to leave England again.—Your affectionate Son, E. HARE.

The sequence of the events mentioned in this last letter was that Pollock's army entered Kabul on September 15th, and Nott joined from Kandahar two days later. By the 22nd all the prisoners, with the exception of Captain Bygrave, who did not arrive till the 27th, were safe in camp. The Bazaar and the Mosque in the city were then burnt, and on the 12th of October the combined forces left to return to India.

Here is an extract from a letter written by Hare to his wife in 1865, giving some account of these events, as he remembered them after a lapse of more than twenty years.

"I was in Jellalabad during the whole siege and with Sir Robert Sale through his campaign. If you could get a copy of the Government orders by Lord Ellenborough you would see that I was thanked in them for my exertions during the siege. I knew Lady Sale and Sir Alexander Burnes intimately, and I told you what a narrow escape I had of going to Bokhara with Arthur Conolly and being murdered as he was there. I have the Jellalabad medal which you must have seen. Akbar behaved nobly and took great care of his prisoners. . . . General Sale could not

have forced his way through the passes back to Cabul, we had too many wounded, we could not carry what we had, and had no provisions for man or beast. . . . I marched up through the mountains with Sale to recover the prisoners, and the whole road was lined with dead. Our encampment at night was quite offensive from the smell. We recognised the bones of some of the officers by stockings on their legs with their names marked on them. There are two other men besides myself only now remaining in India who have the Jellalabad medal, and we all dined together at Simla in July last."

The army reached Ferozepore on the banks of the Sutlej about the middle of December. On 17th the "Illustrious Garrison" were the first to cross the river; they made a triumphal entry into the town, and were welcomed with military honours by the Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough. Hare was almost immediately appointed to the medical charge of the 7th Irregular Cavalry, then being recruited at Bareilly, and in the following year marched with them to Segauli on the frontier of Nepal.

In the following letter Hare gives some account of these events:—

BAREILLY, *February 11th*, 1843.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Since I last wrote I have got a staff appointment, a regiment of Irregular Cavalry, which, though not quite so lucrative as some of the large civil stations, is better than a Native Infantry Regiment, and a most independent gentlemanly charge. I have joined it at Bareilly from Ferozepore, and we are in orders to march to Segaulie on the frontier of Nepal, about ninety miles direct north of Patna. It is rather a long march through Lucknow, and as we do not start till the end of March we shall find it very hot before we reach our destination. We remain there alone for the next three years all in the jungle—three officers and three ladies. There is nothing but huts there, and we must build houses, which will cost about £300 each; till this is accomplished I am afraid we shall suffer from the heat, but next year will be all snug. I am gratified with the result of my labours. A regiment of this sort is very much sought after by Assistant-Surgeons, and I have obtained it solely from honourable service and can hold it till I am a surgeon. I shall suffer some inconvenience at first from our being sent to a

station without houses, but this will not perhaps occur again. We shall be able to obtain plenty of books and supplies from Patna, and our three officers and ladies are very friendly companions. Segowlie is a healthy place in a picturesque country, abounding in tigers and game. A number of indigo planters reside near it, who are hospitable neighbours. I propose some day to visit Katmandoo in Nepal.

The "Illustrious Garrison" has been overwhelmed with honours; our arrival at Ferozepore was most triumphant. A bridge ornamented with flags, inscribed with our numerous victories, was thrown across the Sutledge for our convenience, and an army of 10,000 men, each regiment lowering their colours and saluting us as we passed, lined the road from the banks of the river to Ferozepore. Lord Ellenborough was stationed on the bridge, and saluted us as we passed. His lordship gave us—"The Garrison"—a splendid feast, and made numerous fine speeches in our praise.

[Of this triumphal entry in Ferozepore, Seaton says: "The whole of the troops in camp were drawn up in line in open order,

and received us as we passed with presented arms. Lord Ellenborough also ordered that at each station we marched through on our way to our destination, the same military honours should be rendered to us, and we were received with similar marks of distinction at Kurnaul, at Delhi, and at Agra."]

To return to the letter: I must now tell you what I think of the Governor-General, and I have seen him frequently, for the "Garrison" formed his guard from Ferozepore to Delhi, and dined with him often. I think him a clever man, but rather hasty in his measures. He has made a rule that staff appointments are to be held only five years, which is decidedly bad, as a man is removed just as he gets an insight into his business. His parade of the Somnauth Gates is good, though, I doubt not, you will see it abused plentifully. Our power in India is founded on the good will of the Hindoo; the Mussulman cannot and never will be conciliated. The pleasure of seeing these gates again to the Hindoos is very great; and railing against the measure, as encouraging idolatry, is all humbug. They are merely a military trophy to humble the Mussulman. I should like to

see them sent to Benares rather than to so unfrequented a place as Somnauth. . . . Affghanistan we must, shall, and will have ere long. It is the gate of India, and a strong one too, and better in our hands than in Russia's. If we get the Punjaub we can hold it without expense or trouble; Russia will have it if we don't. If Lord Auckland had continued in office, an army would have reached Affghanistan in January, and we should have saved the Cabul army, and the country never would have been evacuated. The moment I reach Segowlie I will send you a bill on Coutts & Co., London, for the interest of the four years that have elapsed on the £300. I had collected £120 in Bruce & Shand's house, but they have failed, and my little all is gone. I am now, however, in better circumstances, and will pay off the whole in a short time.—Your affectionate Son,

E. HARE.

Of the "Somnauth" above mentioned. There is an ancient town, Pattan, on the coast of Gujerat, which contains, among many ruins of Hindu worship, a certain temple dedicated to the god Somanatha,

formerly famed for its enormous wealth, and for the beauty of its gates. In 1024 Mahmud of Ghazni sacked this temple and carried away the gates. During the British occupation of Ghazni in 1842, these supposed gates were discovered, and were brought back again to India by Lord Ellenborough's orders, and placed in the Arsenal at Agra, where they are now to be seen. They are declared by all authorities to be a fraud, and not of Hindu workmanship.

During the four years (1843-1847) that Hare held charge of the 7th Irregular Cavalry at Segauli, he had leisure to develop the taste for reading which he had acquired in boyhood, probably from his uncle, Humphrey Hare of Docking, and to study the diseases which he was daily called upon to treat. The following letters, which he wrote during this period, give an insight into his daily life at Segauli:—

7TH IRREGULAR CAVALRY, SEGOWLIE,
NEAR DINAPORE,
July 27th, 1843.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I was much gratified in receiving your letter yesterday, dated

May 26th. It is at all times a great pleasure to receive a letter from England, but particularly from you. I am, thank God, after all my hardships, happy, and with every comfort around me, and my health never was better than it is now. One is apt to grumble a little when enduring privation, but it is a source of great pleasure to look back on difficulties overcome.

In my present appointment I have an income of £600 a year, which is about £120 more yearly than with an Infantry Regiment, and yet you would be surprised at the few comforts that this seemingly large pay procures in a jungle station like this. My house is little better than a barn, and its furniture consists of three chairs, two tables, and a common bedstead, with rush mats for the floor. I have three horses, a cat, and about twenty servants, which latter animals are most expensive.

I heard great reports of the indigo planters before I arrived here, which were quite incorrect. I might perhaps raise £100 a year by considerable exertion and inconvenience. Some of them have proposed paying me a yearly sum, but I have declined attending

anyone at more than ten miles distance, and I do this gratuitously. The prosperous days of indigo planters are gone, I suspect, for ever. They consist of proprietors and assistants. The assistants merely receive £300 a year, and therefore they cannot afford to pay me for much trouble, and the proprietors are all deeply involved to the agents in Calcutta. In fact, all the factories are carried on by the Calcutta merchants, and a very old planter here tells me that scarcely a proprietor could exist without their support. They pay their agents 25 per cent. This is the headquarters of indigo, and I am close to the estate where Noel of Underly amassed his large fortune; it is now in the hands of English speculators.

I think the seizing of Scinde very politic, and I should like to see the Punjaub and Affghanistan follow it. It is all nonsense talking about "Poor People" and "Aggression." We who are civilised know what a blessing to any people a just and strong government is, and the natives consider the right of conquest the best and only right to any country. The only people injured are the chiefs, and what are they? The descendants of robbers, and themselves the worst of tyrants. Scinde, from

being a country rich as Egypt, has become one large hunting forest for these tyrannical Ameers. Our interest, no doubt, is to take all these countries, for this reason—that the same army which we keep up to restrain these wild neighbours would govern their country easily, and we should have thus an enormous increase of revenue without any additional expenses. If we had the passes of Affghanistan and the Punjaub we might laugh at the whole world. Everyone of these kind neighbours they patronise in Parliament would conquer us if they could, and it appears to me just as foolish, allowing them to have power, as it would be for me to pay five or six keepers to protect myself from an armed madman, when I could seize and disarm the fellow without difficulty. The only mistake Lord Auckland committed was not taking the Punjaub first, and then Affghanistan must easily follow, and its acquisition to us would be of the same value as a strong gate in a fortress where there was but one. I cannot give all my reasons in a letter, but Lord Ellenborough's policy has been *very* good, not excepting the Somnauth Gates. So much for politics.

I have been obliged to build a house and

purchase two horses and cavalry uniform, which is rather expensive, but I have made arrangements for sending you £50 by next mail in a bill on Coutts & Co., London. I will send it to J. S. C. [John Scales Christian]. Three months hence I will send £50 more. Four years' interest on £350 is £80, so there will be £20 in advance for the fifth year now running on. . . .

There is no truth in General Sale's pension; he is only a Colonel in the army and has been made a K.C.B., the first instance of any but a full General obtaining so high an order of the Bath. It is the highest military honour they could bestow.

The whole of Scinde is now *bonâ fide* Company's territory. General Napier has just thrashed the last Ameer out of the field. He has had a stroke of the sun from the extreme heat, but is recovered. There will be fighting no doubt in the cold weather, but on a smaller scale. . . . — Your affectionate Son, E. HARE.

SEGOWLIE, *October 25th*, 1843.

MY DEAR FATHER,—After two months' delay I send you the bill on Coutts & Co. for £50. One month's delay was caused by John Company not paying me his debts, and the other by receiving the bill a few days too late for the overland. However, here it is, and another £50 will follow soon.

I am now snugly settled, and have peas and potatoes growing in my garden. It is rather dull, but, being fond as ever of reading, I do not feel it as much as my neighbours, who spend their time in search of fever and game in the jungles.

We are all hoping for a slice of the Punjaub. You will see something of the late disturbances there in the papers; but these are the *exact* particulars up to the present date. Runjeet Sing, the old Lion of the Punjaub, died a natural death, or rather of drunkenness [June 27th, 1839]. His eldest son succeeded him, and was killed, they said, by a gateway falling on him in a crush of elephants. Shere Sing, a bastard son, succeeded, and reigned about two years, but he was a drunkard, and Dhyan Sing, a powerful chieftain, monopolised all the power, and at last employed a man to shoot Shere

Sing at a public review. This man was a near relation of Runjeet, and thinking it a good opportunity to seat himself on the throne, got into Mr Dhyan's carriage on his way home after the murder, and told him that he had executed his (Dhyan Sing's) order, then quietly stabbed Dhyan himself, and proclaimed the infant son of Runjeet king, and himself prime minister. Dhyan Sing's sons, Goolab and Heera, joined with Lena Sing, another chief, and killed, after some fighting, him (Dhyan Sing's murderer) and his unfortunate family. Heera and Goolab have since been murdered, in the news of yesterday. A nice muddle, is it not? and likely to continue thus, each cutting his neighbour's throat, and the question is How will it end? Most probably thus: Peshawur and Moultan will separate themselves forthwith and we shall be obliged to settle the country, and then, of course, it is ours, and well worth having too!

We have at this time two large armies forming, one to bring the Bundlecund chiefs to order, and another to watch the Punjaub. This (Segauli) is a sentry-box over Nepaul, and therefore we shall not move — Scinde is

quiet at present, but our troops have suffered severely from sickness, caused by the overflowing of the Indus. . . .

I wish you could see me now; I am writing by the light of a ghee lamp, floating on the top of water in a glass tumbler, with some arsenic before me to poison rats, which infest every house, new or old, and a loaded gun in the corner to shoot wild dogs and jackals, which (the brutes!) sniff at me as I lie in bed. I saw a great snake in the roof of my house, and struck it through the back with an arrow, but the wretch, after hissing at me within an inch of my face, drew himself into his hole, arrow and all. I have killed six very venomous snakes in my house. The mosquitoes are biting my hands and face, so I must retire within the shelter of my bed curtains. It is very hot and close; I wish I was in England for one night's good sleep. I have still my picture of the old house and church, and often fancy myself there.— Your ever affectionate Son, E. HARE.

SEGOWLIE, *August 5th*, 1844.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I have just sent to England £50 in two bills on the Company's Treasury, of £25 each; when received will you kindly ask my father to give me an acknowledgment for the receipt of £100, that I may tear up the former one for £50. So much for business. . . .

A change of Governors (Sir Henry Hardinge) makes but slight difference to India. Each one is in the hands of a fate he cannot control, and does more what he is compelled than what he wishes. Lord Ellenborough would, if he had remained, have tried to do great things, but he is a sad, rash, unconciliating man.

I am much obliged to you for your enquiries about my book. Poor Irving must have died before he completed it. I have just purchased in Calcutta the new Encyclopœdia Britannica by Napier, as the most portable library I can carry about with me. It is a wonderful work, and contains almost all that is known by man. The *Quarterly Review* proposed that a Diamond edition should be published, and the whole of modern knowledge might thus be compressed into the size of a folio Bible. The small print would be no inconvenience, as by means of a

magnifying glass held in the hand it might be read with the greatest facility. I have seen old ladies use a similar glass to read their Bibles. Would it not be an advantage to a wandering student in India? My Encyclopœdia will be packed in two boxes lined with tin, and will perhaps travel to the Punjaub next year on a bullock. . . .

We all anticipate well of Sir Henry Hardinge's government. We want sadly a military head, for the discipline of the native army, since Lord W. Bentinck abolished flogging and lowered the European officers by halving their pay, is reduced to a very low ebb. Indeed, another native regiment has mutinied in Scinde, and with great difficulty quelled. They kicked and pelted their officers with clods, and yet after all are forgiven and granted all they asked for. If this pernicious policy is continued we cannot keep the native army in check, and we *must* lose India. We must have, to be secure, at least one-third European troops, and all the artillery Europeans. With that we can at all times thrash the native army into obedience, but not with less, and whenever the native army think themselves the strongest they will mutiny to a man and kick us out of India.

The present policy of Government is to increase the native army because they are obliged to have troops of some kind for Gwalior and Scinde, their new conquests, and they have native troops because they are the *cheapest.* Our native army has been increased 15,000 men since I came to India, without another European regiment being added, and now they are raising native artillery to strengthen the mutineers still further.

Nothing can destroy our power in India but our own folly and avarice, but what with the Board of Control and 20 per cent. yearly dividend to the Company, no extra expenditure, although we add countries as large as England to our Empire, is listened to for a moment. Lord Auckland showed that the revenue of India is increasing yearly by lacs and lacs, and the avaricious company in grasping all will lose all.—Your affectionate Son, E. HARE.

December 30th, 1844.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I received your letter yesterday, and my Father's a few days before. The Company are proverbially slow but sure paymasters. I have made arrangements for

paying the whole amount of my debt — viz. £350; you may expect [the money] certainly next month, and if you do not receive it by next mail, mention it in your monthly letter. . . . I have always been very anxious to repay this money quickly, as I know my Father must require assistance in educating and bringing forward my brothers, and, thanks to the indigo-planters, I can now do so without inconvenience. I feel, and always shall feel, the advantage of the liberal education my Father has given me, and am most grateful for it. The pleasure I have in intellectual pursuits makes the dull life of India to me a garden of flowers instead of a monotonous desert. . . .

I have as good a military appointment as I can hold, but I want a large civil station, and these the Governor-General has in his gift every day. If I had the slightest interest in that quarter I should have had one long ago, as they are constantly given to men who are my juniors, and who have seen no service at all. There is not a man in the service who has seen so much fighting and hard work as I have. . . . The wish of my heart is to return to England in eleven years; but

how can I do so if I can save nothing from my pay.

In a large civil station, or any appointment in Calcutta, I could double and treble my pay by private practice, which my success here among the few neighbouring planters, convinces me I could at once obtain if only I had the opportunity. Though the planters have a doctor of their own, whom they pay liberally, yet they send horses and gigs for me twenty or thirty miles' distance. I write this in the house of the head civilian of the district, who has a doctor close to his door, yet sends for me twenty miles off to attend his wife. . . .

Lord Ellenborough, though a man of first-rate talent, was no doubt too rash and too ambitious of brilliant exploits to be a safe man for India. We all anticipate great things from the sound judgment and military experience of Sir Henry Hardinge. All India hailed his coming with joy.—Your affectionate Son, E. HARE.

CHAPTER III

THE following chapter gives an account of some interesting experiments which Hare made on the use of quinine in the treatment of malarial fever.

The value of "Peruvian Bark," or the bark of the Cinchona Tree, in the treatment of ague is said to have been discovered by the Jesuit missionaries in Peru about 1639. Near one of their mission stations was a miraculous tank, the waters of which were bitter with the bark of the trees which grew around its edges and in the surrounding forest. They introduced it into Europe, and up till 1849 jealously and successfully kept the trade in their own hands. The "Bark" was highly esteemed by those who knew of it, but the price was so costly that few could afford to purchase it.

In 1768 James Bruce gave an account of the use he had made of the drug during his travels in Abyssinia, a circumstance which tended to bring it into more general notice.

He had selected "Bark" as one of the few medicines to carry with him, and the successful issue of his expedition had been determined by his ability to cure the King's and the Prime Minister's sons of severe remittent fever by its use.

At the time when Hare arrived in India the fashionable method of treating cases of fever was by giving large doses of calomel and by bleeding. Bark or quinine (the active principle, isolated in 1820), if given at all, was only administered as a tonic in small doses AFTER the fever had subsided; but Hare showed the profession by his experiments that quinine could be given in much larger doses without ill effects, and *in the early stage* of the disease before the patient became exhausted.

Mercury is a very irritant poison. The most prominent effects of large doses are salivation and inflammation of the gums and teeth. The practice of treating malarial fevers with calomel was founded on the observation that when enough of the drug had been given to cause salivation, the fever subsided. Further experience, however, showed that it was extremely difficult, if not impossible,

to salivate in the severer forms of fever (the very cases in which it was most urgently required), unless the drug were given in such enormous doses as would ruin the patient's constitution for life. Of the evil effects of the treatment of malarial fevers by mercury, Hare says:

"A patient could be salivated, generally with apparent impunity, once in his life; but residents in India were liable to frequent attacks of fever, the salivations had to be repeated, and with the most deplorable results. Old Indians returned to Europe suffering, not from the climate, but with their constitutions broken by mercury. Before I came to India in 1839 I met such cases in England. It was found, too, that many cases of the worst form of fever could not be salivated. The mercury remained inert in the stomach and the skin refused to imbibe it. Enormous doses were then prescribed—Chisholm actually gave 6000 grains of calomel in one case.

"Dr Halliday's description of the horrible effects of the mercurial system in the General Hospital, Calcutta, in 1816, is terrible. He openly accused his colleagues of murder, and they were obliged to appeal to Govern-

ment and turn him out of Calcutta. Dr Halliday states that 13,237 grains of calomel were expended in the General Hospital in one month."

The disastrous results of the calomel treatment at length produced a reaction in favour of bleeding. But, as was the case with mercury, in the severer forms of fever, bleeding had scarcely any effect. As much as four or five pounds of blood were occasionally drawn from the body. The results of this treatment were even more disastrous than those of calomel, and not a few patients seem to have died as the direct result of the bleeding.

Again — to let Hare tell his own story (*Medical Times and Gazette*, November and December 1864): "I arrived in India in July 1839, and till May 1843 was occupied in the Cabool campaign. I had the advantage there, however, of practice with H.M.'s 44th Regiment, whose surgeon, my kind friend Dr Harcourt, taught me the same principles as Dr Martins! In 1843 I was sent to Segowlie, on the borders of the Nepal Terai, the most deadly in India, and remained there for four years. I was called to a distance on one occasion to see a medical

gentleman with cholera. He died, and left me a valuable medical library, in which I found the now scarce works of Lind and Hunter." [These men practised as Army Surgeons in the latter half of the eighteenth century. They recognised the value of giving "Bark" and of giving it *early in the disease,* before the fever had exhausted the patient.] "Their practice was new to me and I read it with eagerness. I had seen enough of the standard practice to be dissatisfied with it, especially in some recent cases I had treated of Terai fever. They all died. No remission took place, and I durst not give quinine. In fact it was so utterly forbidden by all authorities that it never occurred to me to give it. I tried to salivate, but the fever was so active that my patients were dead before the mercury had time to affect them. It then struck me that since the discovery of quinine no one had tried it in the same way as Lind and Hunter had used 'Bark,' from the dread of increasing congestion and inflammation. A case quite hopeless under the common treatment soon offered itself to me and I determined to try quinine.

"I was sitting in my room one morning when my servant came in haste to tell me that some natives had brought a European very sick from the Terai. I found a young lad of about 20, lying quite insensible on a native bed. The natives said that he was travelling on a pony in the Terai, had fallen off insensible in their village, and fearing he should die there and cause suspicion, they had brought him to the nearest doctor. I immediately mixed a scruple of quinine in some wine, and by giving him a tea-spoonful at a time, made him swallow the whole of it. I repeated it every four hours, three times that day. Early in the morning he was sensible. I gave him another dose and some arrowroot and milk. He next took the same doses throughout this day, with some soup, and the next, to my delight, he was out of danger, having taken two-and-a-half drachms of quinine in forty-eight hours, and without much inconvenience. The poor lad was a deserter from the regiment at Gazeepore, and he had thus wandered in the deadly Terai till he nearly perished. He returned to his regiment quite well.

"I soon had plenty of cases to try my new

treatment, and among them the Resident at Nepaul, who foolishly passed through the Terai in the unhealthy season, together with a number of indigo planters in the district whom I was called to attend for bad fevers.

"Having thus accumulated sufficient evidence, in November 1847 I published at Delhi a pamphlet styled 'Hints on Fever and Dysentery,' which I was soon gratified to find caused a great sensation. Dr Ewart says: 'This pamphlet appears to have taken the profession by surprise and created a great sensation throughout the length and breadth of the Company's Indian possessions,' a strong proof of the startling novelty of the propositions therein advocated, at least among the general body of practitioners in India at that time. Dr Mackinnon, a very able surgeon, and of large experience, in his work on 'Tropical Disease' just then published (1848), says, p. 207: 'The manner of using quinine being here under consideration, I am reminded of having very lately perused a pamphlet by Mr Assistant-Surgeon Hare, entitled "Hints for an improved treatment of remittent fever and dysentery." Regarding fever (if the doctrine in that pamphlet be

correct) the profession in India, and I, as one of it, have been very blind and unobservant. In fever we have been watching, and in remittent fever with the feeling that life and death hung upon it, for the time when we could give quinine—*i.e.* the time when the fever would abate. Now we are informed that waiting is in every point of view a waste of time, that quinine may be given safely in the highest climax of the fever; that it will prevent the congestions and complications which end in death.'

"Dr Edlin's *Medical Journal* then took it up, and I wrote several articles for him. At last the sensation became so great that the Medical Board in Calcutta recommended Lord Dalhousie to let me try an experiment in the General Hospital. Lord Dalhousie sent for me; I explained to him my plans and was sent to Calcutta. The arrangements for my experiment, as settled by the Medical Board in correspondence with Lord Dalhousie, were that one year should be given me for the trial, to comprise each season of the year. A ward in the Hospital was made over to me and a staff of assistants, and all the fever and dysentery cases which presented themselves were sent to my ward without selection.

"It was on November 1st, 1849, that my experiment commenced. In addition to my ward in the General Hospital I was ordered to do duty as an Assistant-Surgeon under the Surgeon of H.M.'s 70th Regiment. This Regimental Hospital adjoined the General Hospital, and a ward was given me there also, and all the fever and dysentery cases from one wing of the Regiment were sent to me, and those of the other wing were treated by the Surgeon himself. As I was afterwards told, the Medical Board placed more confidence in this part of the experiment than the other, for they had a direct comparison of mortality with men of the same regiment, under the same rules and diet, the same place of residence during the same year, and in all circumstances were the patients alike, except their mode of treatment. The Surgeon, too, had the daily supervision of my ward, while Sir James Thomson inspected the other [at the General Hospital], and every grain of medicine I prescribed was recorded in the Hospital books.

"In one respect in the Regimental Hospital I felt I was under considerable disadvantages, for the Surgeon had the upper storey and I

the lower, which anyone who has treated fever patients in swampy Calcutta will confess to be a great disadvantage; and besides, I found that the Surgeon, inspecting as he did, the advantage of it in my patients, made a far more early and liberal use of quinine than had ever before been his custom, though he could not suddenly change his practice and give quinine in the wholesale manner I did. However, the result at the end of the year was that the Surgeon treated 279 cases of fever with 4 deaths (1·43 %), while my result was 292 cases and 2 deaths (·68 %)—his result being one death in every 69¾ cases, and mine one death in every 146 cases.

"It will be observed, too, that the Surgeon's mortality, owing to his freer use of quinine, was very much smaller than the previous average for fever in the same Regimental Hospital for twenty previous years, which had always averaged for fever one death in every 30 cases (3·4 %).

"My result in the ward of the General Hospital was compared with this more just standard, and resulted in one death in 129 fever cases (·77 %); the average for twenty previous years—viz. from 1830 to 1849, the

date of my experiments—having been one death in $11\frac{3}{4}$ cases of fever (8·9 %).

"After the close of the experiment I was appointed to the charge of a European regiment, and went with it on service during the war in Burmah, and afterwards through all the exposure in the mutiny and the siege of Delhi, and the result has been, during nine years, under a decidedly improved method of administering quinine, a further reduction of the mortality in fever from 6982 cases treated, of one death in every $211\frac{1}{4}$ treated (·47 %), which is less than a half per cent., or in other words the mortality of the dreaded Bengal Fever is almost reduced to nothing."

In describing his treatment of malarial fever in detail, Hare says: "The patients came in at uncertain hours, and I could not be always in the wards. I therefore gave a standing order to my assistants that the moment a patient was admitted, he was to have a scruple of quinine. I saw him myself always a short time afterwards, and gave him another scruple or half drachm, according to the urgency of the symptoms. In visiting the patients an assistant accompanied me, carry-

ing the large bottle of quinine described above and a two-ounce measure glass, and each patient had an ounce (a scruple) of quinine given to him, and it was swallowed before me. Ordinary cases took this dose three times a day; but if the fever was dangerous I gave half a drachm of quinine at once and a scruple every three or four hours afterwards, according as I found the stomach would bear it. . . . It was rarely necessary to continue this treatment beyond the second day after admission. The patient was almost invariably convalescent on the third day, when five-grain doses three or four times a day for about two days more, with good food, completed his cure. . . .

"I may safely remark that in the annals of medicine such an experiment as the above in simplicity and decisive results has never before been recorded."

Of the classes of patients on which the experiment was made, he says:

"In the (non-military) General Hospital during the previous twenty years there was one death in every 11¼ admissions for fever, whereas in the military the mortality was only 1 in 30, and the cause of this difference

will be at once perceived from the very different description of cases admitted in each. The military patients are simply the soldiers of the garrison of Fort-William, whereas the cases received into the non-military wards are from the unemployed sailors wandering about Calcutta — in fact, any European who is sick or has no other home to shelter him. Sailors and others are often thus picked up from the roads of Calcutta in an insensible state and sent to the Hospital. They are therefore the most hopeless class of cases that can be treated in the deadly climate of Bengal, and their treatment having been so long delayed, becomes most difficult. The large mortality —1 in every 11 cases of admission for fever —for the twenty years before my experiment, proves how severe the cases must have been which I treated there." The result of Hare's treatment was 1 death in 129 cases. . . . "My treatment therefore comprised the young, robust soldier, treated immediately after his sickness appeared, and the debauched drunken outcast from the streets and ditches round Calcutta, where they were frequently found by the police after lying there all night."

Dr Ewart, Professor of Anatomy at the Medical College, Calcutta, writing on this subject in 1861, in the "Indian Annals" (No. 14, p. 369), said: "The Medical Board's most favourable report in 1851 on Hare's experimental trial at the Calcutta General Hospital, as also under the Surgeon of H.M.'s 70th Regiment in Fort-William, 1849-50, gave the final death-blow to the spoliative treatment by depletion as completely as that of spoliation by mercurialization had been sealed many years before. And here I feel bound to express my humble tribute of esteem for, and admiration of Mr Hare for giving the culminating death-blow to those relics of spoliative treatment which existed in too great profusion at the time when he first attracted notice by the publication of his views; for braving the active or passive opposition of many of his professional brethren, many of them being his seniors in a strictly seniority service, by undertaking an experiment, the results of which established the fact that malarious fevers, whatever be their complications, were curable by generous doses of quinine; for affording conclusive testimony that it was perfectly safe to give

the drug during the paroxysms; for succeeding in inspiring the profession with the belief that it was the soundest practice to exhibit larger and therefore more effective doses than had been the custom of its members previously to do; for, in short, finally, and it is to be hoped earnestly, for ever sealing the doom of unnecessary spoliation of every kind and every form, and giving an irresistible impetus to the introduction of the present anti-periodic and conservative system which now reigns with undisputed supremacy wherever the medical science of the west is called upon to oppose the progress of miasmatic fevers, to the honour of a noble and humane profession, and to the incalculable and unspeakable benefit of mankind."

"Lord Dalhousie, too, immediately he knew the favourable result of my experiment, and became aware from the Medical Board of the large increase of expenditure of quinine it would cause in our three Presidencies, with his usual forethought, wrote to the Court of Directors to make some strong efforts to introduce the cinchona tree to India; and a gentleman was sent by them to South America, and an application made to the

Dutch Governor of Java obtained also other plants, which are now flourishing in large plantations in Ceylon and the Neilgherry Hills; and the cinchona, the tree for healing the nations, is now firmly established in our soil."

To show how very general the practice of giving quinine became, Dr Ewart states that the expenditure in the Bengal Presidency alone increased from 520 lbs. in 1849 to 1656 lbs. in 1859.

In connection with the introduction of the cinchona plants above mentioned, the Directors of the East India Company sent a Mr Bruce, who had been an inspector of their tea plantations in China, and who knew something of botany, to Peru. The Peruvian Government and the Jesuits had hitherto guarded their forests with extreme jealousy, and had successfully baffled all attempts to export specimens of the cinchona tree. But Bruce disguised himself and went up country without being suspected, obtained some young plants and seeds, and sent them by an unfrequented route to the sea-coast, where a ship was waiting. The Peruvian Government got wind of what he was doing, and tried to stop him when it was too late.

Here are the concluding words of Hare's paper:

"I will now close my account of the Calcutta experiment. Its results were published to my service in India by a copy of the report on it being sent by the Medical Board to every Medical Officer. I was, at my own request, posted to a European regiment, and I determined quietly to allow the seed I had sown to produce its fruit, and as for myself, with the noble opportunity which the Surgeon of a European regiment has, especially on service in Burmah, I resolved quietly, instead of perpetually writing, to wait my time, collect my results, and see what further experience would teach me.

"When I reached India . . . the treatment of tropical disease was at its lowest ebb, for Medical Officers were distrustful of all treatment, and used no fixed principles. As an instance of this distrust of all medicines during this era of inertia, I will quote the following from Dr Morehead, a celebrated practitioner during this period. . . . He says: 'When remittent fevers have passed into almost the continued form, they are liable to evince a train of adynamic phenomena, and

then the only mode of managing them is to recollect the principles laid down by Cullen, *that fevers tend to cure themselves,'* and this was the doctrine openly avowed by many of my contemporaries; but it is so no longer, for now, in the words of Dr Ewart, our historian, 'The treatment of malarious fevers has now arrived at a pitch of perfection and certainty which, judging from the records of the past, could never have been paralleled. We have now to guard against retrogression into less successful methods, and the fascination of innovations.' This is undoubtedly true. . . . We hold in our hands positive and certain antidotes, which we have only to use with common discretion, and I boldly assert that no uncomplicated case of malarious fever ought ever to be lost if we see it in reasonable time, and the cure now follows so certainly, and with so little suffering to the patient, that it is a positive and noble pleasure to treat cases of remittent fever.

"I have done my share towards this great end, but I claim no credit for talent or originality. I have simply put together in their right places the materials of others, and the real secret of my success has been an un-

wavering and determined belief in the testimony of others, and particularly army surgeons, as Lind and Hunter, who had no private interests to serve. I believe myself that valuable truth has been the basis of all our great changes in medicine, and we would be much more usefully employed in searching for the truth and trying to separate it from its encumbrances of false theory, than in sneering and pushing aside the whole as absurd in our modern self-sufficiency."

The practice of giving quinine freely in all stages of malarial fever is still the routine practice in India, and has hardly been improved upon since Hare introduced it.

CHAPTER IV

FROM 1844 until the mutiny broke out, Hare has left little record of his life. In 1849 Lord Dalhousie, as already related, sent him to Calcutta to continue his experiments with quinine, and when they were concluded he was appointed to the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers* stationed at Meerut, who were under orders for active service in Burmah. He was the first Assistant-Surgeon who had held independent charge of a Regiment going on active service, and he considered it an especial honour.

The causes which led to the outbreak of the Second Burmese War, according to Hare, are as follows:—

A missionary living in Rangoon had for some time previously been taking undue advantage of a treaty by which all goods for European consumption were admitted into the country free of taxation, and had been importing large quantities of stores, nominally

* Now the 104th Royal Munster Fusiliers.

for the use of the foreigners, and selling them to natives. This illicit traffic was carried on to such an extent that the income of the Burmese Government seriously diminished, and the native Governor knowing his head would be at stake if he failed to remit his revenue to Mandalay, seized the missionary's goods by force. Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General, recognising the advantage of holding the coast on both sides of the Bay of Bengal and of getting a firm footing in Burmah, took this occasion to quarrel with the Emperor and declared war. The Burmans besieged the English community living in Pegu, and the 1st Fusiliers, among others, were sent to relieve them; they landed at Rangoon, marched to Pegu, and took the town by storm after a gallant fight. The Burmans fled all over the country and were followed up by the British, till a severe outbreak of cholera among the troops stopped all active hostilities.

This affair, the storming of Pegu, took place in 1852. After it was over the 1st Fusiliers were sent up the Irrawadi to garrison the towns of Prome and Thayetmayo.

In 1856 Hare left the 1st Fusiliers and returned to India. At first he was put in

charge of the Civil Station of Mozufferpur, but later in the same year he was transferred to the 2nd Bengal Fusiliers * at Sabathu.

During the camp of exercise at Umballa in March 1857 Hare again met his old regiment the 1st Fusiliers, recently returned from Burmah. The officers of the Regiment made it an opportunity to present him with a testimonial in memory of old friendship, and of the many years he had served with them (1850-56). The following account of the presentation is from the *Supplement* to the *Delhi Gazette*:—

TESTIMONIAL from many friends in the 1st European Bengal Fusiliers to their old Mess-mate and Brother-in-Arms, Surgeon Edward Hare.

UMBALLA, *7th March* 1857.

MY DEAR HARE,—We have the pleasure to request your acceptance of the accompanying Silver Cup in hopes it may serve to remind you of very many warm friends you have left behind in this Regiment.

We take this opportunity of expressing our

* Now the 10th Lincolnshire Regiment.

deep regret that circumstances should have induced you to apply to be removed from the Corps in which you have served for many years with credit to yourself and advantage to us, and wishing you health, success, and prosperity as your future portion,—Believe us to be, Your sincere Friends,

GEORGE G. DENNIS.	SOUTHWELL GREVILLE.
CHARLES M'FARLANE.	JAMES W. DANIELL.
JOHN S. WALTERS.	THOMAS ADAIR BUTLER.
W. T. DRUE CAIRNES.	NEWTON H. WALLACE.
ALEXANDER G. OWEN.	FRANK M. D. BROWN.
NELSON ELLIS.	A. R. CHAPMAN.

MY DEAR GENTLEMEN,—I have received your present, and especially the very kind letter which accompanies it, with the highest pleasure and gratification; for they are tokens to me that my constant wish to be useful, during the five years I have been with your Regiment, has not altogether failed in accomplishment; they will also stimulate me to fresh exertions in the discharge of my duty in my new Regiment.

The kind feeling you have now shown towards me will ever continue, Gentlemen, in after life, my most pleasing recollection, and

believe me always to be,—Yours most sincerely, E. HARE.

The following article also appeared in the *Gazette*:—

CAMP UMBALLA, *March 7th.*

Doctor Edward Hare has exchanged from the old regiment, in which he has served for so many years (and through many a trying and harassing scene in Burmah) and commenced his duties in his new Corps.

This circumstance, as you may conclude, has been a matter of the deepest regret to many of us, but I am glad to find that there is some mention among his friends and admirers of presenting him with a chaste and handsome silver vase as a slight token of their respect and esteem, in hopes that it may in after days, "when in a green old age he is resting from his labours" recall to mind those who must and will ever deplore his departure from their ranks. As medical man he stands second to none in *this* or any other army. His unaffected and kind demeanour in the maintenance of his several and onerous duties, his moderation and impartiality to those placed under his orders; his gentleness and urbanity of manner to all,

especially to the poor afflicted soldiers, his prompt attention to the sufferer, whether wounded or struck down by disease, were indeed such as to ensure his being not merely respected but beloved. It will be a long day ere his intelligent and kind face will be forgotten by the poor sick fellows lying in the Hospital wards of the 1st European Fusiliers, or by the many and true friends he has left behind.

MICKY FREE.

CHAPTER V

THE following notes on the Mutiny and the Siege of Delhi were written by Hare at the request of some friends, shortly after he retired from the service :—

I will relate more particularly the history of the 2nd Bengal Fusiliers, of which I was Surgeon during the siege.

In the winter of 1856-57 we were encamped at Umballa with the annual army of exercise. The mutinous Sepoys took advantage of the assembly of so many of their regiments to arrange their plans, and they tried their utmost to corrupt the Goorkha regiment which came down with us for exercise from Jutogh, near Simla.

A kidmutgar of Major Boyd, our commandant, came to him one morning with a frightened air, turning round frequently to look behind him that no one was listening—"Sahib," he said, after much hesitation, "bad things are being done in camp; a meeting of Sepoys assembles every night to plot mutiny against

the Government and to persuade the Goorkha regiment to join them." Major Boyd reported this to the Commander-in-Chief; no notice was taken of his letter.

The Government, in fact, knew their danger, but wanted courage to face and try to avert it. The fire had been smouldering for years, and the Government were afraid to stir it lest it should burst into flames. Ever since our annexation of the Punjaub our native army had been so enormously increased that our handful of Europeans were completely in their power. Our magazines at Delhi, Allahabad, and Phillour were in the hands of native soldiers, and we had given them batteries of artillery and drilled them till they were equal to Europeans. In our campaigns against the Punjaub, Gwalior, Scinde, and even Afghanistan, the most dangerous resistance we encountered was from the enemy's artillery; they had been taught by natives who had taken their discharge from our own batteries.

In the battles of Ferozeshur and Sobraon [Sikh War, 1845-46] the Punjaub Artillery almost overwhelmed us—in the former quite so — when a fortunate accident, in fact a movement of retreat into Ferozepore, which

the enemy feared was a flank attack, saved us.

Sir Charles Napier foresaw the mutiny, and warned the Government that the Sepoys knew their own strength and would certainly some day take advantage of it.

Urgent demands were made to England again and again for more European regiments. The Horse Guards, greedy for authority and patronage, willingly offered Her Majesty's regiments; but the Court of Directors wanted their own, for they could not afford to pay for the expensive depôts and constant reliefs of Her Majesty's regiments. Thus when the extent of our Indian dominions was more than doubled by the annexation of the Punjaub, Scinde, Gwalior, and Oude, our native army and native artillery were (reckoning the irregular regiments) quadrupled without any addition to the European force.

The native Sepoys, especially the higher castes and Brahmins, are shrewd and intelligent; they saw their strength, but were unable to find a leader. At last the King of Delhi [Bahadur Shah] was persuaded by the Moulvies that for the sake of the Mahomedan faith it was his duty to join the Sepoys; thus they obtained a leader.

The large Delhi magazine was seized by the Cavalry from Meerut,* who were joined by the native regiments in the Delhi fort. My regiment was at Subathoo when this occurred, and we were ordered at once to Umballa [17th May 1857]. We reached Kalka, at the foot of the hills, in perfect health; we then had to march for two days in the heat of the sun in May, and the men, overcome with thirst, drank the stagnant water from the ditches by the roadside. Cholera broke out on our arrival at Umballa. All the other regiments which assembled at Umballa were attacked also with cholera.

After some anxious delay our handful of Europeans were moved on to Delhi, a huge city, strongly fortified by an English engineer, and protected on two sides by the Jumna, containing a large arsenal, and defended by upwards of 20,000 Sepoys, with De Tessier's native artillery, whom he used to boast were equal as gunners to any Europeans.

We halted at Kurnaul to make our final preparations. Colonel Mouat, commanding the Artillery, died of cholera on our march.

* The Delhi magazine was exploded by the officers in charge of it.

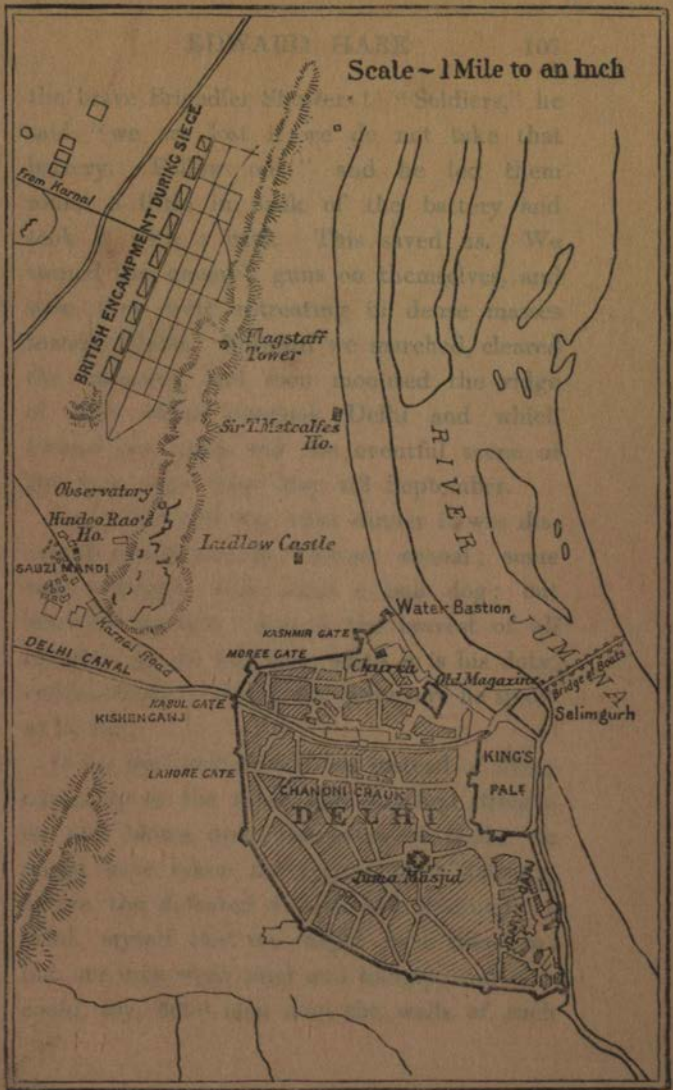
Brigadier Halifax also died of fever, and we were startled by hearing that our Commander-in-Chief had also died of cholera, aggravated by his overwhelming anxieties. I shall never forget the dark despair which surrounded us during our halt at Kurnaul. The officers found a partial shelter in the traveller's bungalow, and the Raja of Kurnaul passed by daily, in the evening, and his followers grinned at us as they rode by in contempt.

As we moved on towards Delhi I heard a villager by the roadside say "*Khooda chahiye ke futeh ho*"—"God grant there may be victory!" A cautious prayer which might be adopted by both sides.

However, on we marched, as the natives thought to certain destruction, and halted at Badul-ki-Serai, the last march into Delhi. The road here is a narrow paved causeway with marshes on both sides, and the causeway is raked by an old fort. The Sepoys had taken advantage of this strong position, and had come out of Delhi determined to dispute the passage. They had fortified the Serai and erected batteries sweeping the causeway, and they had carefully tried the range of their guns by firing at earthen pots as targets.

We rested that day before commencing our attack, and as I sat, tired with my march, I saw a huge Sepoy, evidently a spy, inspecting our few light field guns, and I watched him twisting his moustache with a strut of contempt, saying better than words could, "Ah! your reign will be very short. What can you do with these and your handful of soldiers against our heavy guns and powerful army yonder?" I have often wondered whether this man survived the campaign. He was a giant of enormous muscular strength, and no doubt the crack *pullwan* [wrestler] of his regiment. His face was most expressive of his thoughts, and his contemptuous smile and strut were unmistakable.

However, on we marched the next morning [8th June], and soon arrived at the narrow causeway. There was instantly a roar of artillery, our guns were knocked over, our ammunition waggons blown up, and a flanking battery behind the serai raked our advancing columns. Colonel Chester, our Adjutant-General, and the life of the camp, was killed, and the men were obliged to shelter themselves from the storm of shot behind some rising ground. Forward came


Scale ~ 1 Mile to an Inch
From Karnal
BRITISH ENCAMPMENT DURING SIEGE
Flagstaff Tower
Sir T. Metcalfe's Ho.
RIVER JUMNA
Observatory
Hindoo Rao's Ho.
Ludlow Castle
GAUZI MANDI
Karnal Road
Water Bastion
KASHMIR GATE
MOREE GATE
Chauri
Md Magazine
Bridge of Boats
DELHI CANAL
KABUL GATE
KISHENGANJ
Selimgurh
LAHORE GATE
CHANDNI CHAUK
KING'S PALE
DELHI
Jama Masjid

the brave Brigadier Showers! "Soldiers," he said, "we are lost if we do not take that battery. Follow me!" and he led them round a little in flank of the battery and took it with a rush. This saved us. We turned the enemy's guns on themselves, and soon they were retreating in dense masses towards Delhi. Forward we marched, cleared the causeway, and soon mounted the ridge of hills which overlook Delhi and which formed our camp and the eventful scene of the long siege from May till September.

I recollect one day after dinner it was discussed which was the bravest animal; some said a hungry lion, some a bull dog; but Showers insisted, "Man is the bravest of all creation, for he will face, when it is his duty, certain death"; and I am quite sure he spoke as he felt.

It has been said that if we, instead of fixing our camp on the ridge, had marched straight on and blown open the gates of Delhi, we might have taken the city without difficulty before the defeated Sepoys had returned. I think myself that we might have done so; but our men were tired and hungry, and how could, say, 3000 men man the walls of such

a large city, full of hostile Musselmen and more than 40,000 drilled Sepoys, with a large force of artillery surrounding us.

Natives often fight obstinately behind walls, and had the strong Delhi walls been defended by the Sepoys left in the city, and had we failed in our attack, India was lost; for we had no reserve, and the Punjaub, Gwalior, and all the surrounding country, which were watching the result of the Delhi siege, would, had repulse occurred there, instantly have risen and destroyed every European in Bengal.

Providence guided us in this delay for our good, as it did throughout our hard struggle. God rules the world by fixed laws adapted for the general good, and I am not one of those who attribute to a special interference of Providence the fall of a shower in drought, or an attack of disease caused by our own neglect of drains and of the laws of health; but of this I am sure, that no one, not even the most godless among us, passed through the siege of Delhi without feeling in his inmost soul that *God* did protect us in an especial manner, and that it was not his will that India should return to its former state of barbarous anarchy, and civilisation (corrupt and imperfect

though it has been) utterly perish from among the idolaters. This was my support and firm belief from the commencement to the end. When I looked at the multitudes of almost inevitable chances against us, and the impossibility of our success, I still could not help refusing to believe for a moment that Christianity and civilisation would be allowed by God to be expelled with us from India, to be replaced, as they must have been, by bloodshed, civil war, and a state of savage anarchy; for, with all the many failings and errors of our rule, without denial we have introduced civilisation, peace, and in some degree (though in that we have been specially negligent) true religion.

I will mention a few of the many chances against us which we escaped:—

The Putteala Raja (a Sikh) supplied our camp with provisions; a word from him to his people would have stopped all our grain and food, and we had no cavalry or any possible means of collecting any from the district. The Raja also supplied with money and provisions the depôts of our regiments, and the women and children in the hills and Umballa. He also kept the roads open

and free from robbers to the Punjaub, and, lastly, he assisted with provisions and bullocks in bringing down to Delhi from Phillour the siege train which enabled us to take Delhi. Mr Barnes was our Commissioner at Umballa, through whom our connection with the Raja was maintained. The Raja usually gave a day's previous notice of his visits, but one morning when Barnes had just read a despatch from Delhi containing bad news of our losses and a severe engagement which we had had with the enemy, who with great boldness came out of Delhi in large force and attacked the rear of our camp, the Raja suddenly made his appearance accompanied by his head minister. After the usual salutations he suddenly turned round on Barnes and said to him, as if in confidence, "Barnes Sahib, can your Government ever survive their present difficulties?" Barnes saw the danger, but fortunately maintained a look of confidence while the Raja looked hard at him. Had his eye wavered or his lip quivered we were lost. He replied with confidence, "Yes, Raja Sahib, we are in a little difficulty just now; but we have ship loads of troops coming from England who will soon crush the

mutinous Sepoys." The Raja believed him, and continued to support us. But after the siege, and during the trial of the King of Delhi, letters were found from the King to the Puttiala Raja bearing the date of the above interview, saying that he had beaten us and would soon destroy us, and that if the Raja did not instantly desert us and join him, he would be destroyed also. A letter, too, from the Raja was found promising to join the king. Barnes' firmness and confident reply alone made him hesitate, for he cared nothing for us, he only wished to be on the successful side.

Again another instance of our extreme peril. We could with difficulty repel the incessant attacks of the Sepoys, who came boldly into our rear and almost made us the besieged instead of themselves. Their cavalry in mid-day rode right through our camp and Tombs' battery, and a sallying party once came close up to my hospital in the middle of our tents. We were at that time but a handful, not more than 3000 effective Europeans, and the enemy had increased at that time by the junction of other mutinous regiments to more than 50,000, with large batteries of artillery. This was our time of greatest depression.

In the meanwhile Sir John Lawrence was employing himself in writing urgent letters to poor Barnard, already at his wits end. "For God's sake," he wrote, "do something; take Delhi, or the Punjaub will rise and overwhelm us. Attack Delhi at all hazards." Barnard at last yielded to his importunity, and a morning was fixed, before daylight, for escalading Delhi. My regiment was the centre of the attack; we were not too strong, and we were ordered to advance towards the Lahore gate (we had not a ladder to climb the high walls or powder to blow in the gates); we were then ordered, having accomplished this easy feat, to push forwards through the narrow crowded streets of the huge city, every house bristling with muskets and shooting us down at leisure; we were told, however, to push forward to the Jumma Musjid, on the other side of the city, and hold our own. Had a few of us ever arrived there, how could we ever get back again? but Providence saved us from the madness of our commanders. A note to the Brigadier on duty (Graves) miscarried; the night guards, who were to join in the attack, were not relieved in time; day broke, the enemy wc-e

seen to be on the alert, and this fatal attack was thus prevented.

Our great men in the Punjaub, Edwardes, Nicholson, and Brigadier Corbyn, determined on combined action upon Sir John Lawrence and compelled him to think less of his own danger and to exert himself for the general good. Brigadier Corbyn with great tact disarmed the mutinous regiments at Lahore and thus released a European regiment which was kept there to watch them, and part of a flying brigade which had been hitherto employed to march up and down the Punjaub for fear of its rising, and sent them down to Delhi. Nicholson also came down in forced marches with all the guns and Sikh troops he could collect; the latter were enticed to be faithful by the promise of the plunder of Delhi, and their religious zeal was excited by being reminded of a holy Gooroo of their sect having been formerly murdered in Delhi by the hated Musselmen. Sir John Lawrence was persuaded by these good soldiers that his own safety and that of India depended on the taking of Delhi, and that there the battle must be fought and not a spare man ought to be left in the Punjaub. We received

also some assistance from Meerut early in July.

And now the siege commenced in earnest under a new General (Wilson) and Baird-Smith as our chief engineer. A tradition is current among the natives that the English engineer, who was employed by the Emperor to fortify Delhi against the attacks of the Pindarees, applied for a considerable extra sum to complete some protecting forts at the Cashmere Gate, after the wall round the city had been finished; this was refused, the expense of the walls having been heavy, and the works thought to be complete. The Engineer then warned the Emperor that if ever Delhi was taken, it would be from the Cashmere Gate.

Baird-Smith, with his usual energy and skill, commenced his approaches against this gate. The Sepoys then erected a battery outside the walls to check his works, but General Showers attacked them one morning before daybreak, surprised the gunners asleep, and carried off all their guns.

Early in September Baird-Smith determined to commence breaching the walls, and it was arranged that a vigorous attack of the breaching batteries should be made on the right

to breach the Moree Bastion and induce the enemy to think that that would be our point of assault. A powerful battery also was urgently required there to protect our right flank, where through the Gardens and broken ground (Kishen Gunge and Subsee Mundy as it was called) the enemy made constant attacks on our batteries in dense masses.

It was arranged, therefore, that the Sappers and Engineers should form during the night a battery opposite this Bastion, and Colonel Brind was ordered to fix his guns in it. He took his guns under cover of the darkness down the hill, and at daybreak found himself close under the walls of the town without any protection, for, from various causes, the battery was not ready. General Wilson ordered him to retire; but Brind saw that he could not, and with wonderful energy and coolness accomplished the unheard of task of building a battery close under the guns of the enemy. Had he retired as General Wilson ordered him, his whole party of artillery must have been destroyed by the enemy's guns and sallying parties, while his heavy guns drawn by bullocks were slowly climbing the rocky sides of the hill back to

the ridge, and had this artillery been destroyed we must have relinquished the siege, for we had no artillery-men to replace them.

Cholera in the meanwhile prevailed in our camp, and when sallying parties from the town attempted to get into our rear and cut off our supplies, it was necessary always to send a European force to oppose them, and these poor fellows dropped down with sunstroke under the scorching heat of the sun. I have frequently had more than twenty men brought into my hospital with sunstroke after these expeditions, and the other regiments engaged suffered, of course, equally. At last the rains fell heavily and the river overflowed the surrounding country, leaving our ridge like an island.

At the commencement of the rains, the Sepoys made a powerful effort to establish themselves in our rear, and sallied out with a large force of their best regiments and artillery. Nicholson went down upon them, the whole country was under water, the wheels of the guns stuck deeply in the mud, and even our artillery officers thought it impossible to advance; but Nicholson persevered, and came suddenly upon the enemies' camp, who, in perfect security, were cooking

their evening meal; he quickly dispersed them, and brought the whole of their guns and ammunition into our camp. The Sepoys never again attempted to attack us in the rear, which was a great relief to our crowded hospitals and harassed soldiers.

Baird-Smith now found himself, early in September, in a position to commence the siege operations which opened on the morning of 8th September from No. 1, or Brind's battery, distant . . . from the Moree Bastion, which it was intended to breach. This battery was considered the key of the attack, and intended to draw the fire and engage the attention of the enemy so thoroughly that the other batteries and operations might be carried on undisturbed and, if possible, unknown. But for the successful services of this battery during the seven days' siege, the most disastrous consequences and interruption, and possibly entire interception of the plan of attack, must have resulted. Fortunately the reverse of this was the case, and Baird-Smith was enabled to report the advanced preparation of the remaining batteries, so that on the 11th or 12th Nos. 2 and 3 were enabled to open and pour their fire.

At last, on September 14th, two breaches were made in the walls, one by Brind's batteries in the Moree Bastion, and another at the side of the Cashmere gate, and an Engineer officer, crawling at night on his knees to the edge of the ditch, saw that it was practicable. The advance was ordered. The storming party on our right failed; it was commanded by Colonel Reid, who was wounded, early in the attack, in the head. The attack on the Cashmere gate was successful; one party blew in the gate with a bag of gunpowder, and my regiment climbed the breach on its left and we got into an angle of the town; but the men left their ranks and wandered about (the natives for plunder, the Europeans for drink); their officers had no control over them; the night advanced, and every moment the Sepoys were expected to attack them in overwhelming numbers. General Wilson was in despair, and lost all his presence of mind; he actually gave the order for retreat, but his officers would not obey him. Some of them collected those of their soldiers who were still sober, broke into the liquor shops and destroyed all they could find, and next

morning secured the Magazine Fort. The energetic Brind was everywhere. During the assault of the breaches with well directed fire from his batteries he had cleared the walls of the enemy and prevented them from collecting on our right flank to attack our camp, which was almost unprotected, all the efficient soldiers having been sent to the assault. After we were in the town he arranged all the artillery and, finally, impatient of the slow progress of our troops in the streets of Delhi, who were ordered to advance up the streets by breaking through the houses, he collected some guns and volunteers, pushed forward and took possession of the Jumma Musjid. This grand and gallant move threatened to surround the king in his palace, and he left it. Our officers then, hearing no firing from the palace walls, burst open the gate and found it deserted except by a few sick and wounded Sepoys. This was the key of Delhi, which Brind's advance secured to us, and saved us from a disgraceful retreat which must necessarily have resulted in the entire destruction of our army and of every European in Bengal. . . .

Delhi, however, was taken, and we had now

only to lament the loss of our brave soldiers. Among them was Nicholson, who was shot through the stomach in leading a party of the 1st Fusiliers to attack the Lahore Gate. I sat by his death-bed; we had been shipmates round the Cape on our first arrival in India.

The Sepoys thus driven from Delhi marched for Lucknow; Grant followed them with a division of our Army and joined Lord Clyde. Hodson went out with his Sikh Cavalry to old Delhi, where the king had fled. He was upwards of eighty, and had never been ten miles beyond his palace, and he could not be persuaded to go further. Hodson pushed on with his few cavalry into the midst of the king's followers and offered him terms if he would surrender. Long and doubtful was the conference, and Hodson's second-in-command told me that he expected every moment that the king's enraged soldiers would have ended the parley, which they hated, by cutting him and his party in pieces. He said their looks were savage.

However, Hodson, no one knows how, or by what promises, persuaded the king, his

three sons, and his favourite wife to accompany him to Delhi. When he came within sight of its walls he ordered two of the king's sons to descend from their "bylees," made them kneel down, and shot them before their father's eyes with his own hand; in this case, without doubt, justice demanded their execution, and their bodies were exposed in the market-place of Delhi, where they had outraged and murdered our women.

The city of Delhi was now empty; the palace and walls were occupied by our troops; but the rest was like a city of the dead. The quantity of old dirty rags in the streets was extraordinary; hungry cats swarmed; but no human being was seen in its labyrinth of streets, except a few old women, too old to move, and who had been left to starve by their relations.

Bands of plunderers, Sikh soldiers and camp followers, wandered about searching for treasure which the inhabitants had buried before they fled. Much valuable plunder was thus obtained, the king's crown with its beautiful emeralds, the size of walnuts, the celebrated peacock throne and its base of

rock crystal, shawls, money, and jewels of immense value were plundered; but the army benefited little by this through the bad arrangements of the General, and the greater part was carried off by private robbers who had contributed nothing to the capture of the town.

The old king, his wife, and one son were shut up in a small house. His wife, or rather concubine, was handsome; but a woman of low origin and violent temper. She bullied the old man dreadfully. She occupied a room opening into that in which the king sat smoking his hookah on a common native bedstead with a blanket hung before the door of her room, so that she could hear all that passed when visitors were talking with the king, and she used to shout out her disapproval and scold if he said anything she disliked. The descendant of the Great Mogul feared her temper, and when he wished to say anything that he thought would offend her, he made a sign to his visitor, put his finger on his lips and said, "Hush! do not let the woman (pointing to the blanket) hear us." When asked why, when he had been so

kindly and considerately treated by our Government, he had headed a conspiracy against us? he said, shrugging his shoulders, "It was destiny; I could not help it." The king was old, about eighty-five, but still retained all his faculties. In his youth he had cultivated literature, and his Persian Poems are still much admired by the natives. His dinner consisted of a huge dish of pilao (rice and meat boiled with spices), and for many years, by the advice of his physicians, he had taken an emetic daily before his dinner, to prepare his stomach for its reception. All day he smoked his hookah, and was very affable and willing to converse with our officers.

My regiment was moved from the town to garrison the palace. Its splendid halls of white marble beautifully inlaid with valuable coloured stones, where the Emperors gave audience to the princes of India, were turned into barracks, and the soldiers when lying on their cots amused their idleness in picking out the beautiful stones of the mosaic work on the marble walls. The scene of the grand assemblies of the princes, governors, and tributaries who came periodically

to make their obeisance before Shah Jehan, the Emperor of the World, was turned into the monotonous drill ground of the Sergeant, with his "Left right, left right, as you were!"

We occupied for our messhouse a magnificent marble saloon, surrounded with a garden intersected with white marble water-courses and fountains. All in ruin now; but still showing their former beauty and magnificence, such as is seen nowhere else in the world, except at Agra and Delhi.

Over the orderly room of the regiment, where drunken soldiers were daily tried by our Colonel, was carved in gold letters, in pure marble, the celebrated verses of the Persian Poet: "If there be a heaven upon earth, it is this, it is this!" This had been the entrance to the Harem of the Emperors; but where were the beautiful women now? Where was the descendant of the Great Moguls? He was seated on a common wooden bedstead in one of the halls of his ancestors, before his judges, listening to his own trial.

The old man seemed quite resigned to his fate; but occasionally, when any remark was made by the witnesses which interested him,

his eye brightened and the countenance indicated a high caste of intellect. Sometimes he fell asleep from weariness, and then his old servant, standing behind him, produced a large gold box and shook out of it some coffee powder into the king's hand, who put it into his mouth and began to chew it. The stimulus of the coffee always immediately restored him, his eye brightened, and he paid again close attention to the proceedings of the Court.

During his trial a magnificent comet appeared in the heavens, and the natives believed that it predicted the final fall of their Emperor. As seen at night in the garden from our mess saloon, I have never witnessed anything approaching it in grandeur. The dark green of the Mangoe trees in the horizon, here and there relieved by the glittering white of the marble garden houses and fountains, with the huge arch of flame across the whole of the dark sky above, connected, as the mind could not help believing it to be, with the awful scenes and death struggle which was just concluded, affected the imagination with awe and wonder. The tail of the comet stretched across the zenith from one horizon, as seen in

the dark garden, to the other, and the electric quiverings of the brilliant flame seemed to be close to the tops of the trees.

The Emperor was condemned soon after this to exile in Burmah. His termagant wife refused to go with him; but she was not allowed to leave him. He died a few years after. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* Thus died the last of the Emperors.

Here follows a solitary letter, written to Hare's stepmother when the siege was over.

DELHI—2ND BENGAL FUSILIERS,
31st December 1857.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Our post is still closed, very few letters reach us, but I write hoping that these few lines may reach you.

The last doubtful battle for the empire of India has been fought at Cawnpore with the Gwalior contingent. Had they been successful (which for three days they were), and obliged General Wyndham to retreat, we must have lost India and our lives, for no army could have been formed, all the regiments we have in the country being separated here and there in detachments; but at last, thank God, we have beaten them, and our army can con-

centrate. India is now out of danger, though there will be hard fighting yet for some time.

The difficulties and dangers we passed through in taking Delhi no one knows but those who were with our small army. You will recollect the hints I have given occasionally in my letters to you from time to time of the insecurity of our position in India. I have always felt that our Government was sleeping in most false security, alarming itself with fanciful terrors about Russia and spending millions in Affghanistan, while the real danger to our power was at home in India itself. . . .

I have not been able to write to anyone lately. This is the second English letter I have written in six months. If I am alive I will be in England and retire from India finally in two years hence, when I hope we shall all have a happy meeting. Excuse this hasty letter.—Your affectionate Son, E. HARE.

During the siege Hare's Hospital was pitched in the compound of one of the officers' bungalows, at the eastern end of the old cantonment. Afterwards, when Delhi was taken, it was removed to the Imperial Palace

in the city, and later still to the piece of ground lying between Dariyagunje and the Jumma Masjid. At one time the number of sick and wounded was so great that the European church had to be temporarily made use of. The sick were laid out upon the floor, and even on the roof of the building. Once there were as many as 150 men requiring surgical operations in Hospital. Six assistants, all of them strong men, one by one succumbed to the effects of the heavy work and the climate, and Hare himself became so ill with dysentery and rheumatism that they despaired of his life and sent him up to Simla.

The following extract from the despatches of Major-General Wilson, commanding the Delhi Field Force, will end the account of the siege:—

DELHI, *22nd September* 1857.

" . . . Among those medical officers whose unwearied zeal and superior ability have come prominently before me are . . . Surgeon E. Hare, of the 2nd Fusiliers."

On 24th February 1859 Hare was gazetted to be Surgeon-Major. From 10th April to 15th November 1859 we find him on sick

leave at Simla, and again at Mussoorie from 5th April to 1st November 1861. On 17th January 1862 he sailed for England. Here is a copy of the certificate given by the pilot of the Port of Calcutta:

"I do hereby certify that Surgeon-Major E. Hare, of H.M.'s 104th Regiment, was a passenger on board the ship *St Lawrence*, commanded by Captain Toynbee, when I left her at sea on the 17th of January 1862.—

(Signed) H. M. DALY, *Pilot.*"

During the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, the ship was nearly wrecked. She was a new vessel, and had made one of the fastest passages on record. The captain, anxious to keep up his good record, had taken the ship as close in shore as possible. At the critical moment, however, the wind failed, the sails flapped loosely, and the ship was being gradually carried on shore by the roll of the waves and the current. All on board thought she was lost, the captain was in abject terror, and the poor passengers fell on their knees praying. Fortunately, before they reached the breakers, a land breeze sprang up and carried the ship out of danger.

CHAPTER VI

In January 1863 Hare married, and for the next few months lived with his bride, enjoying the beauty of the scenery in the parks at Windsor; but urged by the prospect of an immediate promotion, which would entitle him to retire on a largely increased pension, he decided, much against his inclination, to leave his wife and return to India in the following September. As he says in a letter written to her: "It was the strongest effort that I have ever before during my life experienced, and it has only been my strong will, when I know that I am right, and by the certainty that I am acting for your interests and my baby's, that has carried me through it. It is a cruel separation; but I should have been angry with myself all the rest of my life if I had not forced myself to endure it."

Sailing by P. & O. steamer from Southampton on October 4th, 1863, he writes from Malta on October 15th: "I am thus far

advanced on my monotonous voyage. We have had very fine weather, and not much really to complain of, and yet I dislike intensely travelling in crowded ships. I have left, however, winter behind me, and am again enjoying the warmth of spring and bright sunshine. Too bright for me who likes the nice, grey, cold days of England. We are coasting within sight of Algiers; the town is quite visible from our decks, and the hill-sides covered with very comfortable-looking villas and gardens. We only stopped three hours at Gibraltar, and, being dark, no one could get inside the Fort, so no one landed. We remain twenty-four hours at Malta, and will go on shore there, but I have seen it all before, and would much have preferred seeing Gibraltar.

"I cannot learn shorthand or anything, but I spend my time lounging under the awning on deck and talking nonsense. The voyage round the Cape is far more comfortable, for you have a cabin to yourself and can read and write as you please. [Passengers round the Cape used to furnish their own cabins.] We had service yesterday (Sunday) on deck, and our band, which is a very good one, helped in

the service at which more than 200 passengers and crew were present."

On October 18th he again writes from Cairo: "I arrived safely here last night, or rather this morning, at 1.30, very tired. The rail had been broken by the overflow of the Nile, and we were consequently thirteen hours on the river in a crowded steamer. We were told we should reach Cairo at 9 P.M., and in consequence I left my greatcoat behind me and tried to sleep on the bare deck, which, as night came on, was very cold and damp. The ladies were all crowded in the saloon; I was asked by an anxious mother to look at her child who had symptoms of croup. Such a smell and confusion of women and children lying about I have never seen, and I was glad to escape again to my cold berth on deck. At length a friend took compassion on me and shared his rug with me. We stuck an open umbrella over our heads for a tent, and, with our carpet bags as pillows, were very cozy."

The passengers were delayed three days at Cairo, till the damage to the railway had been repaired, and then they re-embarked on the *Candia* at Suez. They reached Aden on

October 26th, Madras, November 10th, and Calcutta, November 16th.

Hare was at first ordered to do duty at Barrackpore, pending the retirement of the Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals at Dacca, whose place he was to take in the following January. But before this occurred the Saugar District in the Central Provinces fell vacant, and Hare was sent there instead.

He gives the following account of the place and of his daily life and work in a letter dated March 1864:—"The hot weather is gradually stealing on, and I am changing from cloth to white, and from being cold with a coat on to no coat at all. My garden has a deep well in it full of water, and in its wall just above the water is a small room excavated, with steps down to it, large enough to hold a chair or two and a table. I intend, when the weather is very hot, living in it during the day. It was built for that purpose by my predecessor. However, the hot weather here is very moderate, and not half so bad as in other stations in India, for Saugar is 2000 feet above the sea, and the range of hills it stands on stops the clouds in the rainy season and gives abundance of cooling rain. Saugar is

also one of the healthiest stations in India, so that altogether I must not complain, although I am shut up till next October. . . . I confess I am very lonely and desolate, and only keep myself from despondency by working hard and constant employment.

"My book is on Tropical Diseases, and I am only waiting for some papers which have been promised me from Calcutta to finish it. When I receive these I shall publish it immediately. Writing books is very laborious, and often irksome; but it does me good, for it prevents me fretting about you and my child, and when it is finished I shall feel that I have done a good deed and one that will last after I am gone; for what I have already published has changed the practice of India and greatly improved it, and I think that my present work will do still more, and then I shall feel that I have not lived in the world like a dog which gnaws its bone, snarls at a few other dogs, and then dies; but I shall have done good by my life to my fellow-creatures and saved great suffering and often death to the unfortunates who, like myself, are driven from their homes to exile in a hot climate. . . . I rise before sunrise and walk three or four miles every morning. I am

employed all day with my office work, take a drive in the evening round the Saugar lake, return to dinner and then to bed."

Later on he writes again: "My book is nearly finished, and I feel content with it, for I am certain that it will do great good in the world, though its author may not be much benefited. I have always felt a longing not to live all my life and leave the world without benefiting my brother man. I have already done great things to improve the treatment of Indian diseases; this is acknowledged by all, and my present book, which I have been long meditating, will accomplish, I have no doubt, still more."

The work on "The Treatment of Malarious Fevers and Dysentery" to which Hare alludes was published in a series of articles in the *Medical Times and Gazette*, November and December 1864, and in the *Indian Medical Gazette*. Here is a review of the book which appeared in *The Delhi Gazette*:

"AGRA,
Thursday, February 23, 1865.

"It is our pleasing duty to take notice of a work on Malarious Fever by Dr Hare,

Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals, Bengal Army, which is in itself one of the most interesting monographs we have perused for a long time. It has afforded us the more satisfaction from the knowledge that the opinions now reiterated by the author are the same which were promulgated by him, while only an Assistant-Surgeon, as long ago as 1847. He published a pamphlet then, styled 'Hints on Fever and Dysentery,' which, being well corroborated by statistics of cases treated by him, so took the medical world by surprise that it created quite a sensation throughout the length and breadth of the Company's possessions. So satisfactory was the treatment for febrile complaints, which was then for the first time made known, that Lord Dalhousie, at that time Governor-General of India, conferred on him the medical charge of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, in order that he might have a better field for furthering his views and for continuing his experiments on these diseases which heretofore had been decimating the country. Prior to the promulgation of Dr Hare's views, and before the discovery of the cinchona, when the treatment for all fevers was equally uncertain in results, and

like those of our own experience 'the poisons for which we have no antidote,' many and varied were the remedies suggested for malarious disorders. One class of men rigidly adhered to large doses of calomel, others again placed their confidence in the use of severe purgatives; a third class relied wholly on venesection 'in order to catch the paroxysm in the cold stage again just as it was coming on.'

"It is not so long ago that the system of Doctor Sangrado, despite its ridiculous nature, was implicitly followed by many eminent men. The following is one of many instances which could be adduced of the evils attendant on a depleting system.

"A Mr B. was bled a lb: two at 9 A.M., 9th July 1864; at 2 P.M. of the same day lb: two more were abstracted, and an enema of salt and oil was administered. After sitting in a tepid bath for half-an-hour, a scruple of calomel was given—at 9 P.M., 15 grains of calomel, opii one grain, extract colocynth fifteen grains, were administered; on the morning of the 10th, castor oil one ounce. At 7 A.M. 16 ounces of blood were taken away and antimonial wine in camphor mixture was prescribed. At noon eighteen leeches were applied to the

right side; at 9 P.M. the patient was bathed in perspiration and a blister was applied to the epigastrium. The patient expired at noon on the 11th! On the *post-mortem* examination all the organs were pallid and blanched. And no wonder that death ensued after such barbarous treatment!

"It was not until the introduction of bark as a remedy for fever that anything like a sensible course of treatment was adopted, but even then the drug was only used at first as an antiseptic, and in such small and insufficient doses that its virtues as a prophylactic or curative could never be thoroughly established. Time, however, kept quietly on, and about 1765 we find Dr Lind remarking that in the proper administration of bark the cure of agues may be said entirely to consist, other remedies seldom being necessary, unless to prepare the body for it. This medicine was tried so persistently, and eventually administered in such large doses, that as much as two ounces of bark could be given at once; but, after all, it was only a simple antidotal treatment which acted well, until its alkaloid or quinia was discovered in 1820 by Pelletier and Caventon. On this drug does Dr Hare place his reliance,

and, indeed, to judge from the tables of mortality appended to his valuable pamphlet, we have much reason to be thankful that it has pleased Providence to disclose a specific so beneficial in its action that we may well console ourselves with the belief that for every bane there is some antidote.

"Dr Hare's pamphlet on malarious fever will be found alike interesting and instructive to all readers, and well worthy of a place on every bookshelf."

About this time Hare began to systematically study "Theology." From childhood he had retained an intense desire to read the Bible and the works of the old Scriptural commentators in the original languages in which they were written. Had not the necessity of earning a livelihood forced him to study medicine, he would have liked to follow in the footsteps of his uncle, the Rector of Docking, and of his revered tutor, Mr Goodhart, and have taken holy orders; and now that the more active portion of his life was passing away, he was looking forward to the time when he could indulge his tastes without interruption. He writes, in one of his letters to his wife: "I have been too

busy till now to do anything but my more important business. However, I have managed to read Hebrew, and finding it much more easy than I anticipated, I have read a few parts of the Bible which I brought out, and want sadly to go on with the rest. . . . Please send by return of post a Hebrew Bible." Again he writes: "I hope the Hebrew Bible has started. . . . I am in sad want of it, for I shall have finished Phillips on the Psalms very soon, and then I shall have no Hebrew to read. . . . What glorious poems the Psalms are, when read in the original, for our own translation is very bad! They alone prove the Divine nature of the Bible, for no Human Being could have composed them. The Greek and Persian odes, beautiful as they are, are like Dr Watt's 'How doth the little busy bee' compared to them. I want to read Isaiah in Hebrew, so send me the Hebrew Bible quickly."

In April 1864 Hare was sent to Jabbalpur to fix a site for the Great Indian Peninsular Railway Station; and in the following October he went on a tour of inspection through the districts under his supervision. He writes:

"You must picture to yourself your humble servant being carried every night by twenty black savages, with a flaring torch, in a palkee, from station to station. The rain has at last ceased, and the roads are again open. You can see my route in a good map: Jubbulpore, Myhere, Nagode, Banda, Nowgong, Dummow, Saugar. The other part of my district extends to Mhow and Indore. . . . [November 6th] I have just returned from my tour of inspection. I had no means whatever of writing to you or sending a letter by the last mail, for I was travelling then in the jungles between Nowgong and Saugar. The scenery in Central India is very beautiful — mountains, valleys, rivers, lakes, and forests, and rich, well-wooded, undulating country. I enjoy travelling through a forest; there is a solemn silence in it most soothing to the feelings. I must have been formed like an ape to live in the forest, for I delight in forest scenery more than in any other. . . . Most travellers in India have described only the valley of the Ganges and Jumna, where most of our stations are built, and which is the most hot, unhealthy, flat, and ugly part of India. Central

India is very different; the hill-tops have constantly the ruins of old robber forts, each of which could tell an equal tale of blood and violence with similar forts on the Rhine. Look for the Fort of Kallinger* in some description of India; I passed by that. It is perched on the top of an inaccessible hill, overtopping every other, and yet, strange to say, there is a tank of water in it of unfathomable depth, and a very beautiful dropping well. The source of the water supplying these, no one knows, or how the water is raised to such a height. Kallinger has often been besieged, and a Mogul Emperor was killed before it. The robber raja who held it plundered the whole country, and no one could turn him out of his stronghold. It is so nice and cool in the dropping well.

"We have now [November 21st] the glorious, cold weather of India, which, without exception, is the finest climate in the world during all the winter months. I have

* Kalinjar, a hill fortress in the north-west provinces, stands on an isolated rock, 1230 feet high, the termination of a spur of the Vindhya Mountains, overlooking the plains of the Bundelkhand.

hares and partridges running about my grounds. The General who commands here, while out shooting a few days ago, in turning a corner, came suddenly on a tiger crouched ready to spring on him. Fortunately he possesses unflinching nerve, and he put a bullet into the brute's forehead, and he fell dead. Very few men would have had in such circumstances a steady hand. He was lucky, however, to escape thus, for a tiger with a mortal wound will often kill people before he dies. The General is out again to-day, tiger-shooting, and will get off his elephant and run after them, notwithstanding his escapes and the remonstrances of his friends. Some of the officers here have more than fifty tiger skins, the result of their sport in the jungle close by."

In December 1864 Hare writes: "I have been transferred to Agra,* a change which I shall like, as I am there on the rail, and only three days from Calcutta. I start in a few days and have already sent off my boxes. . . .

* The immediate cause of the transfer was a return of the old complaint, dysentery, which had nearly killed him after the mutiny. He exchanged stations so that, if occasion required, he could reach Calcutta or Simla without much delay.

On the whole I am very glad to leave Saugar, for though a fine climate, for six months of the year it is quite a prison, and even now in the cold weather the difficulties of travelling are very great, and I shall be glad when my journey is over. I go through Mirzapore again and stay a few days with my friend, Dr Loch."

Writing from Mirzapore on December 21st, he says: "I have arrived thus far on my way to Agra, after a very difficult journey, and am right glad to escape from the uncivilised jungles of Central India, and to be once more on the line of rail. . . . I am staying with my friend, Dr Loch, and go on to Agra the day after to-morrow by rail, about twenty hours' journey; but there is a few hours' delay in crossing the Jumna, which is not yet bridged. You must not expect a long letter this mail, for I am tired with my journey over nearly impassable roads day and night. The rains in this part of India have been very scanty, and a partial famine is expected. These famines in India are very terrible. Government do all they can to alleviate them; but thousands and thousands of poor creatures perish. In the neighbourhood of Calcutta a famine has been caused by the crops being destroyed by

the inundation of the sea during the late cyclone."

[January 5th, 1865.] "I have arrived safely in Agra. I do not like its appearance nearly so well as green Saugar, with its beautiful grass, trees, and lakes. Agra is hot and dusty; but it possesses THE great attraction to me, that if Providence should enable me to leave India soon, I am only two days' journey from Calcutta, instead of being shut up in Saugar seven months in the year."

[February 20th.] "I have just returned from a trip to Gwalior, the scene of Sir Hugh Rose's victories. I was sent there by Government to select a site for a large new station, which is to be built there for a numerous European force, and when the cantonment is finished I think it will be one of the most beautiful and healthy in India. The fort on the top of a high hill is immensely strong, and it is wonderful how the Mahrattas allowed us to take it so easily. That foolishly weak man, Lord Canning, promised to give it back again to the Raja, but fortunately Sir John Lawrence has arranged that we are to keep it. You will see in the papers that the Bhootan people are likely to give us much

trouble.* We sent against them a miserably inefficient force, and they have driven us back and taken some guns and all our wounded and sick in one of the advanced forts. The force was made so small just to please the home authorities, and now they must send treble the number that they need have done at first, for the enemy have gained so much confidence that they will fight to the last, and thus quadruple the expense. Some European troops are ordered off, and the country becomes so unhealthy in a few months that I fear there will be great mortality among them."

In the following April he writes: "I am floored by the heat, and am obliged, much against my will, to run away to Simla till November next."

[May 4th.] "I suffered dreadfully from the heat during my journey; but at last, thank God, I have reached Simla safely, and though I am confined as yet to my room, I feel that I am slowly recovering. Oh! what

* These raids led to the treaty of 1865, by which the eighteen Dwars or passes between Bengal, Assam, and Bhutan were ceded to the British Government in return for a yearly subvention.

a blessed change it is from the stifling atmosphere of the plains to the cool breezes of the mountain. The air below becomes quite yellow, and is in fact red hot, and burns your face like the blast from a furnace. The natives have a tradition that the Devil, whose usual residence is the Kylas Mountain, finding wood very scarce there to cook his food, flew down to Agra, where he could broil his meat on the stones heated by the sun alone. I ought to have come here (Simla) a month earlier, but I delayed until I was compelled to do so to save my life. . . . In the course of a few hours I passed from the extreme heat, like a furnace at the bottom of a mountain, to cold winds, hail storms, and fires. The ice fell in large lumps after my arrival, and I shivered in bed with thick blankets on me, and a large wood fire at night. It must be something like the sudden change they say the Russians make in their baths when they rush out steaming with perspiration and roll in the snow."

After spending six months at Simla, Hare recovered his health and returned to the plains in October. By the sudden death of Dr Butler, he was appointed to the Lahore

circle, where he joined on October 22nd, 1865, and at which he was delighted. "Lahore is," he says, "with one exception — viz. Umballa,—the best Deputy-Inspector's district in India, and has two hill stations, Dalhousie and Dharamsalla, within its limits."

[December 5th, Mean Meer.] "I have just returned from holding Invaliding Committees at Mooltan, and have enjoyed the trip, for I am in excellent health since I returned from the hills, and am able to undergo fatigue. Yesterday I visited the fort at Lahore, the scene of Ranjeet Sing's splendour, and admired his marble halls and reception hall lined with mirrors, or rather bits of looking-glass. To a European, however, the effect is tawdry when the first surprise is gone. The old one-eyed hero lies buried close by his palace. I passed through Lahore when Ranjeet Sing was alive,* on my road to join the Cabul Army, and the spot where Meean Meer now is was then a desert plain without a house on it."

[December 20th, 1865.] He writes: "Christmas is here, and how different from

* Ranjit Singh died in June 1839, nearly a year before Hare crossed the Punjaub.

a Christmas in old England, half a religious, half a jovial meeting of relatives and friends, or rather both combined, for true religion is essentially hospitable and cheerful. Here, there are only a few formal mess dinners, with no ties of relations and friendship, and no religion to warm the feelings. Meean Meer is a very dull, hot place; but I like it better than Saugar, and quite as well as Agra, except that Agra is nearer Calcutta. The Bishop of Calcutta comes here to-morrow; I have never seen him yet, but shall meet him at the General's at dinner. . . . Meean Meer is the great thoroughfare for detachments of troops going home from their different regiments, *via* the Indus and Kurrachee, and for the recruits from England coming up the river to take their place. I, consequently, have all the arrangements for the very numerous parties, and am obliged to order here and there the poor Assistant-Surgeons just arrived in the country. A poor lad, an Assistant-Surgeon, has just arrived with his young wife, lately married. They came in a crowded transport all round the Cape to Bombay, and from thence in boats up the Indus; and if I had not taken

pity on him he would, on his arrival here, have had to go the very same route back again, but I put a bachelor in his place and sent the poor lad and his wife to Umballa."

During the hot season and rains of 1866 Hare remained at his post at Meean Meer waiting anxiously for the day on which he could claim to retire. When he left England to return to India in 1863, soon after his marriage, he had calculated on being able to return home again after a year or eighteen months; but he was forced by unlooked-for circumstances to serve full three years in India before he could claim the increased pension to which the Deputy-Inspector-General's post entitled him.

On October 15th he left Mian Mir, and went on leave to Calcutta, so as to be at head-quarters to present his papers at the earliest possible moment and prepare to leave India by the first P. & O. steamer available after his retirement was gazetted. Writing to his wife, he says, "I go from here [Mian Mir] first to Jullunder and rest with a friend, then to Umballa, and rest there also a night; then I go to Allahabad, and halt at the hotel for twenty-four hours, and on to Calcutta, where

I will live with my old friend, Robert Turnbull, 11, Theatre Road, to whose house you may direct my letters."

His retirement from the service was gazetted on November 17th, 1866. He left Calcutta on 23rd December, with nearly twenty-eight years' service to his credit, and landed at Southampton in February the following year.

In March 1867 Hare was gazetted to be an Honorary Inspector-General of Hospitals, and in the following September he was appointed to be a Companion of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India.

CHAPTER VII

Soon after Hare's arrival in England in 1867 he took up his residence in Bath, and remained there until his death in 1897, living a studious and methodical life of extreme simplicity.

One of his first acts was to provide himself with some of the best and most recent works on Medicine, Surgery, Physiology, Chemistry, and Botany, and to devote several hours daily to their perusal. However, his great interest in the Theology and Languages of the East gradually diverted his mind from these pursuits, and in later years the bulk of his intellectual efforts was directed to the comparative study of Ancient Religions, especially the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, and Chaldee Versions of the Bible.

Besides that which he wrote on the "Treatment of Malarial Fevers and Dysentery," while he was in India, he was the author of several monographs on "Diet in Health and Disease," "The Treatment and Disposal of Sewage," "A Health Primer for Soldiers in

India," and on the "Treatment of Wounds by the Use of Gum Resins and Essential Oils." On this last subject he wrote before the introduction of the modern system of antiseptic surgery. In addition to these he was the author of a "Life of Dr Lambe," a celebrated physician of the Winchester Hospital in the early part of the nineteenth century, who was well known for his devotion to a vegetarian diet in the strictest sense of the term.

Hare's life was essentially one of method and order. He rose early, as had been his wont in India, and for many years, whatever the weather, walked for at least an hour before his breakfast. Until the last few years of his life he ate but two meals a day, breakfast at 8 A.M. and dinner at 7 P.M., and these were of the most simple nature. When at Cambridge he had suffered greatly from dyspepsia, which he had found by experience was relieved by a diet which included neither meat nor alcohol. This system of diet he had continued for the most part whilst in India, and now in his retirement he continued it with the most systematic regularity. His breakfast consisted of a few pieces of toasted bread, or hot unleavened cakes, well buttered, and a large

cup of very weak tea. His evening meal was of four or five sorts of vegetables cooked in butter, and some farinaceous and other simple puddings and stewed fruit.

When he left India his health was much damaged, and for many years after his retirement he was never quite free from periodical attacks of fever. He fought this enemy, however, successfully, and lived to an advanced age; but he always attributed his prolonged life and comparative freedom from illness to the simplicity and regularity of his method of life, and especially to his diet.

After breakfast, the greater part of the morning was devoted to reading and writing, the afternoon to walking exercise, and the evening to the newspapers and some less heavy form of reading, while he listened to Beethoven's Sonatas or some other classical music played to him by his wife. In the hot weather, when he found exercise fatiguing, the days were chiefly spent in his large garden, in one corner of which was a cottage with a verandah in front, where he could pursue his studies unmolested, or walk about at his ease.

Those who knew Hare best were always struck by the force and activity of his mind

and his great industry. An unusual power of concentration enabled him rapidly and thoroughly to correlate facts and theories new to him with those with which he was already familiar, and thus, even at an advanced age, he remained in touch with medical and other branches of science. His memory for detail was exceptional, and in discussion he would illustrate and support his arguments by reference to his own Indian experiences, or challenge a new theory, if in his own rich treasure-house of knowledge there were facts which would not be in harmony or consistent with its truth. He never took things for granted, but weighed and tested statements with the utmost care, retaining mentally an interrogation sign until he was fully satisfied —not being afraid to suspend his judgment indefinitely when the evidence was insufficient to enable him to arrive at a conclusion.

He frequently referred to the way in which people go on accepting principles of action which they have never examined for themselves, and would cite the treatment of fever in India at the time he first began work there as an illustration of the tremendous evil which results therefrom.

A very reserved man, he was capable of very deep feeling, though he rarely gave expression to it. He had acquired, probably had cultivated, a habit of suppressing outward manifestations of emotions, however keenly he might feel them. As an instance, his affection for his family and relations was exceptionally great, but was scarcely ever shown in words.

Without taking part in a conversation he was fond of watching and listening, drawing his own conclusions and saying nothing. He rarely talked of people—and, if he did, his comments were liberal and charitable. Though in his criticism of actions which were the result of weakness of character, he could sometimes be very severe, he always accompanied them, if possible, by excuses for the offender.

His was eminently a religious nature, and his habit of thought reverential; but his profound study of Comparative Theology gave him a dislike to narrowness of creed and a keen sympathy with all persons whom he thought in earnest in their belief, however widely they might differ from his own.

Whilst he was chivalrous in a good old-

fashioned way, he had a great dislike to the modern movement for giving greater freedom and scope to women in everyday life, and was sceptical as to the results of the higher education now provided for them. His view was that woman's mission is to be a wife and mother, and that all her discipline and training should be directed with a view to this *rôle* in life—a *rôle* which should be under the supreme control of her husband, Man.

He considered the extreme freedom of action permitted to modern girls incompatible with the education he thought best for young women.

His view was that a man in his own household should be Prophet, Priest, and King; but he recognised at the same time the responsibility of his wife in her department, deciding himself the general lines on which the education and management of the family should be carried out, and leaving the details to her almost entirely, seldom interfering unless called upon by her to do so.

One of his chief ambitions was that his three sons should serve their Queen and country in the army, and if possible in the scientific branches. This ambition was fulfilled during

his lifetime, and was a source of the very greatest pride and satisfaction to him; his eldest son joining the Indian Medical Service, his second son the Royal Artillery, and his youngest the Royal Engineers.

Until the last few years of his life, when illness incapacitated him, he acted upon the principle to which he alludes in one of his early letters of securing happiness by activity, and it may be truly said that if ever a man earned and lived a happy old age, that man was Edward Hare.

In conclusion, the characteristics which stand out most prominently in his career are his great activity of mind and industry, his controlled, reserved, and ascetic manner of life, his religious attitude of thought, and his keen sense of duty. The crowning result of these qualifications was *Happiness.*

He died in February 1897, aged eighty-four years, leaving three sons and four daughters; his wife having predeceased him by nearly nine years. *Requiescat in pace.*

APPENDIX

MEDALS

1. *Jellalabad*, 1842. *No clasp. Second Medal.*

An Extract from the "Historical Record of Medals and Honorary Distinctions," by G. Tancred, 1891, says: "Soon after this, the first medal, was issued some dissatisfaction was expressed in High Quarters as to the design. It was even whispered that Her Majesty was not quite pleased at the absence of her head and titles from the obverse of a medal struck for services in which a Royal Regiment took the most distinguished part.

"The result was that Lord Ellenborough ordered another medal to be made, and requested that a new die might be prepared in England. One was accordingly designed by William Wyon, and forwarded to Calcutta.

"G.O.C.C., 13th March 1845, notified that the new Medals had arrived from England, and would be issued to officers and men on their returning those originally presented to them.

"This handsome decoration, which is commonly known as the 'Second Jellalabad Medal,' is very scarce. It is said—'As not many of these have been applied for, it may be conjectured they valued the Medal first conferred on them more than that intended to be substituted as an improvement.'"

2. *Cabul*, 1842. *Three clasps*—"*Cabool*," "*Jellalabad*," "*Burmah*."

As there was some doubt about the clasps attached to this Medal, it was submitted to the authorities at the

British Museum, who reported that it was not genuine for the following reasons :—

(i.) Hare's name is not engraved on the rim of the Medal.

(ii.) No Medal was issued with the combination of clasps "Cabool," "Jellalabad," "Burmah." There should have been one clasp with the name engraved "Cabul" not "Cabool." No clasp was issued for Jellalabad nor for Burmah till after Hare had left the service. The clasps themselves are somewhat broader and longer than the genuine ones. The Riband is also slightly broader.

It is impossible to say how this extraordinary decoration came into Hare's possession, or when, how, or by whom it was made up.

3. *Pegu*, 1852. *One clasp*, "*Pegu.*"

4. *Delhi*, 1857. *One clasp*, "*Delhi.*"

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